

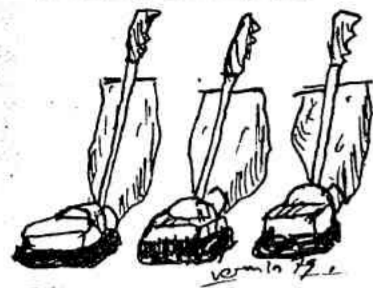
INCORPORATING NOT NEGOTIABLE



WORON, VOL 31 No 14.

NC SPECIAL

editorial



terminals

Dear Sirs & Madam,

Last year I was proud to be associated with the first Blue Woroni, this year I am very glad not to be associated with the pitiful attempt at a Blue Woroni.

To describe the Blue Woroni, 1979 style, as poor quality is to flatter it. The less said about the general layout, the better. And while the "editorial" promised us 'novel' articles I really think airships are going a bit overboard.

In his editorial Cap-Pistol (sorry, Gunn) thanks his great and powerful friends. To my knowledge his only great and powerful friend is Alastair Walton; and personally I wouldn't call him powerful or great. If Gunn had any such friends (and he hasn't) then he would not find it necessary to say so. By such abjectly fawning statements as this Gunn can only drag himself and the Liberal Society into disrepute.

To the great pleasure of most left-wing students on campus, the energies of the Liberal Society this year have been devoted to trendy Young Liberal-type social activities, parties, progressive dinners, and the such-like. The Blue Woroni is the first "political" activity of the Liberals this year and as such it is an utter failure. Airships are not a subject of great political moment and the sooner Gunn realises this the better for him. As a Liberal who would have liked to have seen a politically active Society this year, I am saddened that the best the President of that Society can do is produce a rag such as Blue Woroni.

Yours,

Robert Lake,

Member, A.N.U. Liberal Society

To the Editor

THE AXIOMATIC PHILOSOPHY OF ATHEISM

May I totally refute the article by Ezra Getzler (18.9.79), trying illogically "to cast doubt upon" my article on atheism (20.8)?

From the recent excavations at Ebla (Syria) it is perfectly certain that one of the proto-Syrian 500 gods and goddesses, the god Ya, has been adopted by later Israelites as Yah or Yahu/ Yahweh which latter form is a Jewish priest's sly but evident adaptation of Ya to the Aramaic verb 'hawah' ('to be'). See "New puzzles posed by Ebla tablets", in The Age (Melbourne), Sept. 15, 1979; and: "Unearthing the secrets of a forgotten kingdom", Readers Digest, July 1978.

2. My very own Axiom of Existence was misquoted. Correctly stated, it is: "Everything exists whose space-time measurements are GREATER than zero, and nothing exists when they equal zero." Things or beings can, in principle, be observed only when they really are somewhere and sometime, otherwise they would be absolutely nowhere ever!

3. The Hebrew alphabet knows no capital letters (I learn Hebrew and Arabic). In English - as in Hebrew and Arabic - 'god' is a common noun and, with the definite article, it correctly app-

Okay kids, this is it! Another year's worth of WORONI draws to a close with this issue, and I must confess that we in this dreadfully untidy little office are heartily glad! It's alright for you, you whimps, but we've had to contend with ugly Liberals (just look at Gunn if you don't believe us), grossly unreliable contributors (except Andrew Maher, The Amazing Athol and Dave Walker, all of whom are ace and deserving of megabucks, or something), a total lack of funds, and apathy beyond all bounds of reason. On the other hand, we must acknowledge our gratitude to the inimitable Peta, without whom this miserable rag would not exist at all, and, because of whom, it

appears anywhere near its right time. All those who helped us throughout the year deserve a hearty cheer, so give yourselves one. We can't say we haven't enjoyed ourselves, because we haven't but seriously, folks, we commend you to our successors, whoever they may be, and urge you to remember that the Students' Association, which provides you with this and other things, like A.U.S. and International Student Cards, free concerts, cheap student photocopying, student loans, Lennox House, and, of course, student representation, throughout the University, and elsewhere, exists to serve you. It won't do this unless YOU GET OFF YOUR

ARSE and get involved, SO. Bye-Bye from all of us until next we meet, and apart from that, you can all get stuffed. Love and Kisses, WORONI, 1979.

Editors:

Charles Livingstone
Beth Pattinson
Tony Lambert

Published by Steve Bartos

for

ANU Students' Association

Printed by Queanbeyan Age.

Thanks to our terminated leftovers, Jo, Kate, Ian and Tim.

lies to Yahweh, only one of hundreds of Semitic gods/goddesses. Thus it is a contradictory blunder to talk of the existence of only a single god in the Bible! The Jewish-Christian-Muslim dogma is correctly stated as follows: "Yahweh is OUR god, Yahwey ALONE!" (Deut. 6:4 - Mark 12:29 where 'the Lord' is a convention for 'Yahwah', a taboo!).

4. The writer reluctantly admits that my philosophy seems very reasonable! that's honest. But a philosophy must, first of all, be consistently logical, and that is exactly what my very own Axiom of Existence is. Where Mach, Einstein or any theoretician contradicts it, they are illogical and that is the perfect end of them!

5. The writer unconsciously blunders in using the term 'outside' speaking of the Universe as a whole. Both 'outside' and 'inside' are to be used within the Universe as a whole and are not applicable otherwise (R. Carnap's Axiom).

6. My very own Axiom of Infinity of the Universe: "Every space-time limit has TWO sides" - logically proves the 'Many Worlds' truth, namely, that our own tiny local "universe" is only one of similar, infinitely many, partial "universes" which are only practically 'unobservable' due to the very limitations of radio telescopes.

7. "Hidden Variables" theories are as subject to the logic above as everything else, and thus quite irrelevant to my atheistic two Axioms.

8. Atheism is thus correlative with logic, pure and simple. It is axiomatically, i.e. logically true that nothing exists that exists nowhere ever! Fiction is not existence, except of mere words that have no referents, such as 'Yahweh' and his ex-wife 'Asherah' (2 Kings 23:7).

9. Any physical theory must presuppose, and be compatible with, pure logic, resp. with my two Axioms. Atheism is only a derivative from logic. To refute it, the writer has, first of all, to refute my own two Axioms. Well, let any nincompoop just try it...

10. Yes - the romans were perfectly right in remarking that the Jewish (or Christian) priests fool their people with absolutely 'nothing', i.e. with pure fiction: the empty, referentless, mythical word "Yahweh" as amplified from "Ya" of the proto-Syria Ugarit and Ebla.

Greg Smelters.

(Eds & I. Mason) - Point 2 implies that the English language (as opposed to a list of symbols and some formation rules) does Not Exist - Fool Smelters. Point 8: Axioms and Logic share little. Furthermore your little poetic statement "Nothing exists that exists nowhere ever" is a nice example of the paradox of Parmenides.

Dear Woroni Editors,

The S.A. President (whose name escapes me for the moment) asserts that one of the reasons for A.N.U. becoming "a less interesting and stimulating place to be in" is the university's increasing population of part-time students. As one of this hardy breed I must point out that, while I may not be particularly interesting or stimulating, I am sure that I am no more lacking in these qualities than the S.A. President (whose name I wish I could remember).

Student politicians should realise that it is far-brained comments like that which alienate many part-time students and cause them to keep well away from organisations like the S.A.

Yours,

Part-time student.

Dear Eds,

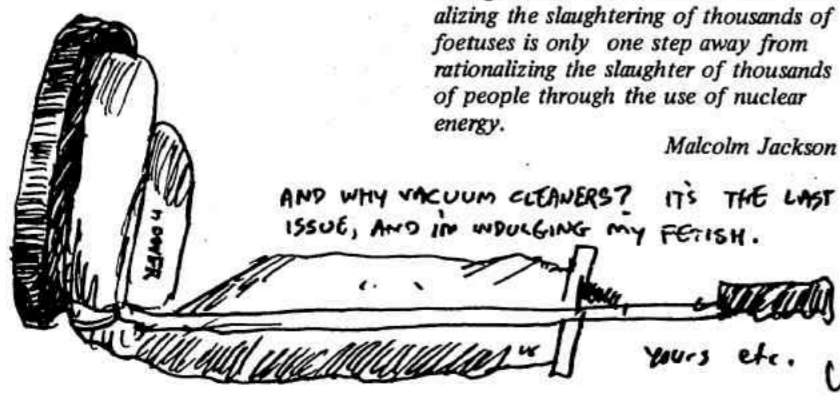
In last week's Woroni there was a rather strange article about abortion. It began with that wellknown phrase "Our right to control our own lives". I certainly agree that a mother's right to control what happens to and in her own body is a very fundamental issue in the abortion question, but it is stupid to pretend that it is the only issue. Those of us who oppose abortion do so because we believe that we are defending what we see to be the legitimate rights of the foetus. There are several possible bases for such rights, a genetic inclusion in the human race; his/her physical similarity to a human being or his/her natural potential to become a person.

These arguments are what we genuinely believe, so, anonymous person, why the quote marks around the 'moral stance' that Casey claims to be taking? For what other reason do you think that the man would vote against his own party's policy? I believe that it is wrong for the A.L.P. to have a policy which is binding on all members, about an issue on which there is so much moral disagreement. It is unreasonable for the party to expect those of us who oppose abortion to subordinate our moral beliefs simply because an alleged majority see the issue from an entirely different perspective (and wish to impose this view on all of us).

But the most outrageous suggestion made by the article was that those of us who oppose abortion are right wing, I certainly aren't, and I know a lot of other right to lifers who are also left wing. Even if you must categorize everybody surely you can refrain from the temptation of arbitrarily placing all those who disagree with you in the same category.

I tend to believe that abortion is quite incompatible with left wing ideology. A callous attitude to the unborn is surely conducive to a callous attitude to aborigines and asbestos mines and nationalizing the slaughtering of thousands of foetuses is only one step away from rationalizing the slaughter of thousands of people through the use of nuclear energy.

Malcolm Jackson



AND WHY VACUUM CLEANERS? IT'S THE LAST ISSUE, AND IN INDULGING MY FETISH.

Yours etc. Vanni

Dear Eds,

In the recent edition, Blue Woroni, there appeared a list of contributors. My name was included in this list. I would like to say that any association of my name with the sense and relationship implied by the statement "Finally we would like to thank our Great and Powerful friends for making this publication possible" below the contributors list is entirely unreflective of my constitutional aversion to the obsequiousness and servility displayed by some of the current Liberal Society executive to Liberal members of Parliament and their lobbyists.

Statements (of unfortunate fact) such as this do more harm than good to the Liberal "push" on campus who should be able to carry out their aims and objectives without mindless display of toadying exhibited in this case by John Gunn, self declared editor and despoiler of what should have been a much more professional production.

Philip Eliason
a New Wave Liberal.



Dear Eds,

The article in last week's Woroni made some points which are consistently misinterpreted by anti-abortionists.

It should be noted that the poldidy of the A.L.P. to "remove legal restrictions on pregnancy terminations" is not condoning abortion but rather recognizing that abortion is not an issue for the legislative sphere. It is a personal choice. The government doesn't presume to legislate on the number of children a couple should have and rightly; again this is a matter of personal choice. In our opinion the A.L.P. is justified in refusing to allow legislative interference in moral issues of this kind.

Ed Casey is certainly permitted to let his own conscience guide his personal choice. But it is unacceptable for him to use his political muscle to enforce this on others. This is exactly what he is doing by abusing his position as an agent for the A.L.P. in Parliament.

The issue as we see it is not pro or anti-abortion, but the opportunity to choose. Abortion like sexuality is another issue where the government must recognize the limits it can impose on the citizen's privacy.

Brenda Parkes
Robyn Fennell

FOR SALE
XW FAIRMONT
Excellent condition.
Best offer.
Phone: 48 6975
after 4pm.

Wind

It appears that travelling in trains can be more exciting than would normally be expected. In the early hours of Sunday morning a train was 'held up' by detectives who were attempting to discover where a haulage of drugs was hidden. Unfortunate predicaments for unsuspecting travellers? From all accounts, it probably was . . . full body searches etc. . . . ?

On Sunday 21st October, The Kingston Whisper will be holding a benefit ball at the East Basin Pavilion. Bands — Dave Kain, Roaring Wombats, Mike Choce, Royal Family and In:One Ear.
Cost — \$3

TAKE THE WORRY OUT OF EXAMS!

From Monday 29th October until 1st December the Sports Union will be scheduling a number of activities in the Sports Recreation Centre.

These activities are intended to serve as an outlet for 'exam tensions' and will be conducted in a pressure free, relaxed atmosphere.

Everyone is welcome to attend —

Mondays:
10-12 Free use
12-2pm Basketball (scratch teams of 5)
5-6pm Keep fit
5-6pm Jazz Ballet
5-7pm Fitness Advice (Weight Training Room)

Tuesdays:
9-12pm Free use
12-2pm Volleyball (Scratch teams of 6)
12.30-1.30pm Yoga (Meetings Rm.,

Union Bldg.)
3-4pm Jazz Ballet
4-5pm Beginners Gymnastics (Kingsley St. Hall)

Wednesdays:
9-12 Free use
12-2pm Basketball (Scratch teams of 5)
2-4pm Free use
5-6 Jazz Ballet
5-6pm Keep fit

Thursdays:
9-12pm Free use
12-2pm Volleyball (Scratch teams of 6)
2-5pm Free use
12.30-1.30 Yoga, (Meetings Rm., Union Bldg.)
2-5pm Free use
4-5pm Beginners Gymnastics (Kingsley St. Hall)
5-6 pm Keep fit
7-10pm Archery (Thursday 8/11 ONLY)

Fridays:
9-10am Jazz Ballet
10-12pm Free use
12-2pm Badminton
2-5pm Free use.

Saturdays & Sundays. HALL IS AVAILABLE FOR USE BETWEEN 10am - 6 pm. ALL ENQUIRIES. Contact Robert McMurtrie, C/- Sports Union, Tele: 49(2860).

ANUSA Election Results

PRESIDENT

Tarrant 652*
Carter 231
Gunn 156
* Elected

A.U.S. DELEGATES

Tarrant)
Bartos)
Jackson) all elected
Braddon-Mitchell)
Humphries)

A.U.S. SECRETARY

Pattinson* 647
Humphries 371
* Elected



WORONI EDITORIAL

O'Callaghan et al 538*
Eliason et al 376
* Elected



ORIENTATION HANDBOOK — 5th MARCH

All those interested in submitting articles for publication in 1980 Orientation Handbook please hand them in at the S.A. Office by the end of November.

Articles are welcome on just about anything

- clubs & societies,
 - sporting and cultural groups
 - places of residence
 - particular courses
- and anything else you think might enlighten and enliven the 'First Years' initial weeks at A.N.U.

If articles are not received on things of general interest to students then we the editors will write them for you

So you've been warned — the deadline is 23rd November don't forget.

New Prez Speaks

As you are probably by now aware, I have been elected S.A. President for 1980. I'd like to thank both my opponents and the number of students who voted thus helping to make the final result a fairly representative one.

I hope 1980 will be a good year for the Student Association and its members. This can best be achieved by participation from all students in S.A. affairs, campaigns and meetings. I'm sure I can rely on the continued involvement and participation of the left who have always actively supported the S.A. I hope also that the Liberals will co-operate fully on issues of importance to students. However, of greatest importance to the effectiveness of the S.A. in 1980 is the participation of those students who to date have not been actively involved in the S.A. I urge you to become aware, involved and active!

Lastly I would like to thank Stephen for all the hard work and initiative he has put into the presidency this year. I hope to continue his lead next year and I hope students will in turn respond so that 1980 will be an exciting, progressive and fruitful year for all.

Louise Tarrant.

Careers & Appointments

The Careers & Appointments Office (Chancery Annex) has a new Careers & Appointments Officer — Bronwyn Duncan — who has replaced Steve Rawling. As there has been no careers counsellor at A.N.U. since Steve left in April, many students will not have been able to discuss their career plans, course preferences or job hunting tactics in any detail.

Students at any stage in their courses are welcome to come in and make appointments to talk about these and related topics any time from now on. The careers information area is open for browsing all day Monday to Friday. We will be open throughout the summer too, so if you are busy studying now, come in after your exams. But if you are in your last year of study and don't know what you are going to do next year, do make the time to come in as soon as possible.

Hope to see you

Bronwyn Duncan.

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food co-op

During the last week in September an enlightening sequence of events took place. They resulted in the Food Co-op being granted another room, much more appropriate to the scale and nature of the operation. Just what is this Food Co-operative and what sort of political muscle have they been flexing anyway?

The Food Co-op is a group effort which buys food in bulk and sells it at virtually the same price. It makes just enough profit to pay for nibbles and spillages, to buy new food bins, and to give \$10 pocket money to anyone who wants to be the co-ordinator for the day. All the other people you see from time to time restocking or even sitting behind the counter taking your money are donating their time and energy free of charge.

Political Context

Many of the workers feel that collective efforts such as the A.N.U. Food Co-op provide viable alternatives to the present system of food distribution in our capitalist economy. The very prices of food at the Co-op are a political statement themselves. They make a laughing stock of commercial enterprises.

The key to any co-op's success is the broad base of support given by people believing in the ideals. Food co-ops in general, along with other developments like film making co-ops, women's consciousness-raising groups, community-based radio and neighbourhood child-care facilities don't appear at first to have any

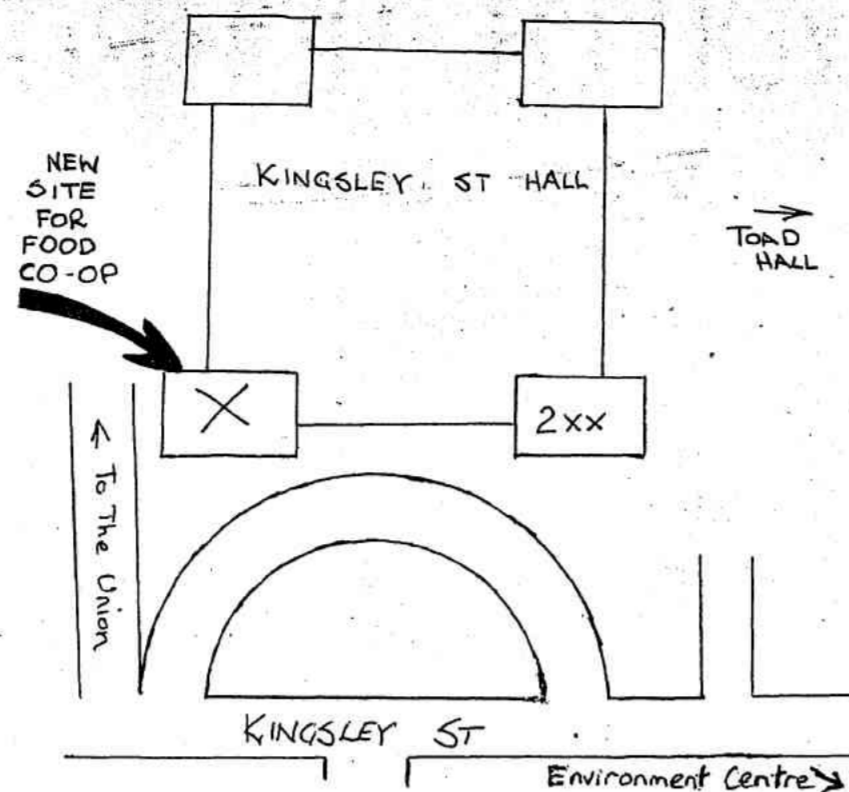
association with others. In fact they are examples of the kind of self-help collectively created culture that is quietly replacing the alienating and obsolete system we now put up with.

The Current Situation

The Food Co-op directly supplies food to at least 1,500 people who in turn feed at least another 3,000. The weekly turnover of money regularly exceeds \$3,000. It is the largest food co-op in Australia in terms of stock turnover, and until last month, had just about the tiniest space to work in.

It was obvious it would burst unless it had a larger space and much more storage room. Could this happen in the Union Building? The Union had begrudgingly given the Food Co-op temporary access to the old Charlie's Bar for storage but in the same breath had been muttering about charging rent. While it was conceivable that the present Board of Management of the Union might eventually have begun to respond to the Co-op's needs, the freedom of the Co-op could never be guaranteed as long as it stayed in the Union Building.

Consequently negotiations had been opened back in May with University administrators. This only revealed the classic inability of bureaucracy to respond to the needs of ordinary people. Besides, the immediate pressure for more space didn't allow



the Food Co-op the luxury of playing political games with any boards or administrators any more.

Collective Action

An open meeting was called for the last Tuesday in September to decide the fate of the Co-op. An unusually large turnout of people voted overwhelmingly to issue an ultimatum to the University administrators: Either they got off their fences and recognized the Co-op's plight, or the people of the Co-op would push them off by

occupying a room. After only two days of frantic umming and ahing and talk of the "ungentlemanly" approach (said to the faces of three women), the administrators granted the Co-op the room at the front of the Kingsley Street Hall adjacent to 2XX (see diagram).

Where the bureaucracy had shown inflexibility, the people stood up, took direct action, and succeeded. Simple. Even sheep could do it if they wanted to. Who says the campus activism of the late sixties was unrealistic? Actions will always speak louder than words. **Nick Hopkins**

how the other half dies

Susan George
Penguin, \$3.25

I Read A Book! I Read A Book!

I know reading non-compulsory non-fiction books during the term seems difficult, but sometime you *should* get around to reading this book, even if it's the only one you ever read.

How the Other Half Dies, by Susan George, is about the causes of world hunger. Before you decide not to read it, because it sounds too depressing, read on. Susan does not go into gory details on how hungry people are in the Third World and how destructive the effects of this hunger are. Nor does she tell you that you should eat all your peas out of some duty to the starving children in Bangladesh. In

fact she stresses how world hunger is *not* your fault (unless you happen to be an owner/manager of an agribusiness company).

More to the point, Susan describes the types of operations agribusiness organizations use to make their profits. She describes how advertizing in developing countries affects the consumption demands. i.e. advertizing coke and chips when people are already providing their own chicken and eggs. She describes how 'technology' is not necessarily a great help to a developing country, especially if it puts men out of work and pushes them off their land, so that the technology-seller can make a profit. In another chapter called "planned scarcity" she describes how American



grain producers manipulate prices and foodstocks which have resulted in huge profits. By creating a panic about grain shortages, when the wheat produce was the second highest on record, they managed to increase grain export prices enormously. She names names, and states facts and figures of how it was done, and the effects.

George also discusses the U.N. and World Bank and their roles in the 'aid' projects.

When discussing the myths about hunger, she tells us how natural disasters are blamed, but not responsible for world hunger. She also discusses the population myth. She helps to abolish the myths about the 'ignorant peasant'.

Despite the names, facts and figures, the book is very readable. Its conversat-

ional, argumentative style infects the reader with the same anger the author has. Susan does not claim to have the last word on hunger: she admits she may be wrong in some of her theories. Her aim is to get you aware of and thinking about the problems and the explanations which the developed world, i.e. your government, will give you.

To keep you from getting completely infuriated and frustrated, Susan gives suggestions as to what you can do, and whom you can contact. She even has a few examples of *good* things being done.

For \$3.25 it's one of the best educators about development without reference to Marxist or liberal ideological battles. And for those of you who are anti-American government there's some great ammunition.



YOUTH HORROR!

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE

Viner chokes



How would you like to be given a three day all expenses paid holiday in the nation's capital, with sightseeing tours, games to play, a lunch at the Press Club, a formal dinner with Patrick Cook as the guest speaker, and the opportunity to (supposedly) tell the government what to do. Wouldn't be too bad, would it? This is what happened earlier this month, (2nd-5th Oct), to 120 'young people' from 'all over Australia' at the first 'National Youth Conference'. The Minister for Employment and Youth Affairs Ian Viner caused the conference to eventuate because, according to a publication entitled 'Youth Affairs Newsletter', he wished to 'learn more about the outlook of young Australians'. The steering committee for the conference consisted of a Melbourne solicitor (and young person) named Graham Allan; the Executive Director of the National Youth Council (who is not quite so young) who is called Michael Cusack; a fellow called David Merritt who is president of the Youth Affairs Council of Australia (and a not very young Christian); a 2nd year BSc student with the unfortunate name of James Bilios (who looks quite young); an ex real estate salesman and farmer whose claim to fame is that he is president of the Australian Council of Rural Youth (and he doesn't seem very young); and last, but not least, the NSW State President of (surprise, surprise) the Young Liberals.

A pretty impressive line up. Not one female person, no-one under 20, no unemployed, no schoolkids, no-one from the left. Still, you say, this is only a steering committee. True enough. But things rapidly got worse. There were 120 delegates. 80 of these were representing the 80 official 'youth groups' that the Government recognises, groups such as Apex, Young Liberals, the Scout movement, and, to be fair, the Unemployed Workers' Union. It would, however, be

fair to say that the bulk of the 80 invited delegates were a conservative middle class and not very young lot, being, for the most part, administrators and the like. Some, of course, were fiery enough to treat the conference as something of a snow-job, of which more later.

The other 40 delegates were selected by a system called the 'Youthline Phone-In', which is reasonably self explanatory. Suffice it to say that one wonders whether a more satisfactory system could not be devised. Be that as it may, these delegates were probably a more representative sample of 'young people' than the other lot — but, of course, they were in a considerable minority.

And so to the conference. It all started on Tuesday 2nd, with an evening social, after the delegates had flown, at Government expense to Canberra. I didn't go to the evening social, so I can't tell you whether it was a wild drunken orgy or not (though, I must confess, I doubt it). Then, on Tuesday morning, Malcolm Fraser came along and opened the thing, and apart from saying that there would probably be follow-up action financed, said his usual nothing. Some of the delegates were, however, prepared to ask him questions which made him look more than somewhat uncomfortable, especially when the question of youth unemployment was raised, and one was left with the impression that Mal was beginning to wish that the damn thing hadn't happened. Meanwhile, 150 police were keeping some 50 or so demonstrators so far away from University House (which was the Conference venue) that they were in danger of falling into the lake.

The conference then moved into a plenary session, discussing the place of young people in Australian society, which was followed by the delegates breaking up into workshops of around 15-20 people, at which recommendations were drafted which would be put to the

conference as a whole. The topics discussed were; 'the place of young people in Australian society'; 'Communication' (or how to tell the Government what you want); and 'Education, Training and Employment'. Hardly an exhaustive catalogue of the problems of youth, and one which led many Delegates to wonder what value a three day conference was in assessing the opinion of youth. The Plenary sessions were addressed by a Board or by an individual, (Michael Edgely was one such speaker), and about 10 minutes or so were allowed for questions. After a day or so of this, some of the less bedazzled of the delegates were beginning to think that the highly structured nature of the conference was intended to make it as hard as possible to get anything done. This was also being debated through Wednesday night by some of the massive army of departmental administrators, who, it is reported, became very tired and emotional in the bar at Uni House, and proceeded to argue about who was going to cop the blame. This, of course, because things had not been going smoothly. After Mal had left, a group of teenage unemployed marched in demanding to be heard, and not treated as though they were non-existent (which latter appears to be the Government line).

These people had come from Fitzroy in Melbourne, and were active in youth work run by the Brotherhood of St Lawrence, a Catholic group which concerns itself with helping the poor and underprivileged. They weren't permitted to stay, however, as the Conference voted to exclude outsiders. So it goes.

On Wednesday night, Mal and Tammy put on a Bar-B-que at the Lodge for the delegates, which was washed out. The only person to be searched was the lone ACT Unemployed Workers Union delegate, and someone who was taking food to some protesters outside the Lodge was arrested for illegally parking his car. He had to be bailed out, and was, of course, fingerprinted, etc. Social Justice from the Fraser Government.

The conference continued in a similar vein the next day, with plenary sessions, workshops, etc., until lunchtime, when everyone was taken over to the National Press Club for lunch. The National Press Club had been invited to hold one of their luncheons for Viner, but had refused, so the Government footed the bill. Some 50 or so demonstrators were lined up across the road, and 20 or so police were keeping them there.

Inside the club, delegates ate appalling food, and listened to Viner say that the Government had developed a new 'Transition Policy', which would train young people in 'the skills and experience needed to get a job'. He also said that the people who would support the young persons while this was going on would be the family, since 'the Unemployment benefit was not designed for this purpose'. This new policy would make... unemployment, in the sense of idleness at the community's expense, an unacceptable alternative'. In other words, no dole for those aged between 15 and 19. Lovely. At this, the conference went bananas. Some of the more radical delegates had already walked out in protest, but Viner immediately faced a barrage of hostile questions, all save two being about unemployment. One young woman asked 'What can you do to help us?', a question which Viner was unable to answer. As the Financial Review of Friday 5th proclaimed 'Viner cops battering at youth conference'.

That night, a considerably subdued Viner sat through dinner at which Patrick Cook depicted him as the man who sets dogs onto the unemployed. By this time, he too may have been wishing that he'd never heard of the NYC. Reports from

within the Department were maintaining that heads were beginning to roll, basically because the publicity the conference was getting was ghastly. The 'Canberra Times' lead with the dole cuts story on Friday, and it was becoming apparent that there were enough concerned people at the conference to keep the issue of Youth Unemployment well to the fore, despite the attempts of many 'moderate' delegates to have the matter dropped. The conference resolved to recommend that TEAS and the Dole should be lifted to the poverty line, and as the NPC demonstrated, were unanimously opposed to any dole cutbacks. Whether or not the Government will be prepared to act on these resolutions, however, remains to be seen. It seems very unlikely.

The conference finally ended on Friday, with the delegates jetting off home. A piece of graffiti in the conference hall seems to sum up the general feeling: 'No gathering of human beings is ever a complete failure — but this one got close.' The thing is reputed to have cost around \$150,000 at least, though one is inclined to think that it may well have been considerably more. It achieved very little, save to entertain a couple of hundred people fairly lavishly. It would have given very little insight into the thoughts of youth, save for the single issue of youth unemployment, and it cost heaps. Even as a PR exercise by the government it was a dismal flop, with the media either ignoring the whole thing (as 'The Australian' did) or by bucketing Viner. Perhaps a better, though less spectacular method of soliciting information would be by using a national youth opinion survey, but one is inclined to think that Youth Affairs is a department that the Government will probably try to forget about.

Charles Livingstone.



Who Controls the Environment?

Cast your minds back to November 1976. On the tenth day of that month, Mr Kevin Newman, the Minister for Environment, Housing and Community Affairs made a Ministerial Statement in the House of Representatives. The statement dealt with the question of sand mining on Fraser Island, and the report of the Fraser Island Environmental Inquiry. In this statement, Mr Newman informed the House that the recommendations of the Inquiry would be acted upon, and that sandmining on the Island would cease as of the 31 December, 1976. This statement, of course, brought jubilation to many environmentalists throughout Australia, and the world, as indeed it might, since the Fraser Government has given environmentalists no cause for hope. That, however, is somewhat irrelevant (as usual). The next day, Mr Malcolm Fraser, the Prime Minister, was asked by Mr Millar, the Member for Wide Bay, (Q'ld)

... Will he give an assurance that the Federal Government on behalf of the people of Australia for whom Fraser Island is being preserved, will accept full responsibility for the financial loss to and disruption of life style of those people affected by the decision? Mr Fraser replied in part by stating that

... I would only emphasise again that the companies pursued these matters under export licences which were subject to the inquiry. Companies taking that kind of action are doing so at their own risk.

It would appear, from a letter which has been made available to Woroni that D.M. Minerals took exception to this remark, because on 12 November, 1976, the Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet received a Telex from the partnership, which appears to have been less than happy with what it perceived as the dramatic shift in the Government's position. In fact, the P.M. was concerned enough at the Telex to request an opinion from the then Crown Solicitor, Mr Alan Neaves. This letter is reproduced below. We understand that legal action was taken by the companies later, in order to obtain 'sufficient' compensation for what they saw as the Government reneging on its deal with the company. The Telex of 13 December 1974, (referred to in the letter) is unfortunately not available to us, but it would appear that this Telex gave the Company little joy, and neither, would it appear, does the letter of 9 June 1974, though the company obviously appears to have believed otherwise, with the election of the Fraser Government in December 1975.

This letter does raise some interesting questions. Why was the company so sure that it would be allowed to continue operations, especially considering the massive amount of environmental evidence to the contrary? - Why did they take such strong exception to the remarks made by Mr Fraser on 11 November 1975? It is possible that the Government may have thought that the inquiry would have made different recommendations, and advised the company accordingly, but this is obviously pure speculation; at any rate, the important question raised is that matters of this kind should be raised long before the operations have started, and indeed before any company has been given any hope at all that mining may be permitted. Further, it is to be hoped that the Government of Australia should be able to make decisions such as this without companies being able to apply untoward pressure to the contrary. This can only be achieved with a comprehensive and thorough environmental approach to questions such as this. The present system, at least in this case, is fair neither to companies nor, and more importantly, the people of Australia.

Charles Livingstone.

CS/76/6469

3 December 1976.

The Secretary,
Department of the Prime Minister
and Cabinet,
CANBERRA A.C.T. 2600.

Attention: Mr. D.L. Carrington

I refer to your memorandum of 16 November 1976 wherein you enquire whether a statement outside the House by the Prime Minister in terms similar to those used in a reply of 11 November 1976 to a question by Mr Miller M.P. would constitute grounds for an action by the Dillingham Corporation.

2. In my view if the statement were to be made there would be some risk of an action by Directors of the companies which together constitute the partnership of D.M. Minerals. It can be implied from the statement that funds invested in the enterprise were being committed, perhaps irresponsibly, to a hazardous form of investment. The defences which might be invoked in response to any such action would be impeded because the statement does not reflect the fact that the partnership did receive an assurance of an intention on the part of the Government to allow certain exports. Further, it may be that as the partnership contends, it was largely committed to the project before the enquiry commenced and perhaps before the Environment Protection (Impact and Proposals) Act was passed. The statement could therefore be construed as implying either a negligent omission to consider the implications of the Act upon a proposed investment or even a reckless disregard of them.

3. The content of any further statement to be made on the subject of compensation will no doubt be determined largely by the result of the Government's current consideration of this question. In relation to points made by the partnership in its telex of 12 November 1976 I observe:

(1) at all relevant times the export of zircon and titanium was prohibited unless approval was lawfully given to its export;

(2) that the view is taken that the telex of 13 December 1974 did not constitute export approval but rather an indication of an intention on the part of the Government to give certain approvals at a future time; and

(3) the letter of 9 June 1975 does not, as suggested by the partnership, constitute an expression of intention to approve exports of minerals extracted from leases 102 and 95 other than exports made pursuant to the contract referred to in the telex message of 13 December 1974.

4. Any reply to the telex message of 12 November 1976 should be drafted with considerable care and my officers would of course be available to further advise you on this, should you so desire.

(Sgd.) Alan Neaves
Crown Solicitor

1979
 37 80
 10 00
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 26251

THE BANK OF ADELAIDE

B2 326261

CANBERRA CITY
 Cnr. London Circuit & University Avenue, A.C.T.

18-10-79

Pay **GOD**

or bearer

the sum of **YOUR LIFE'S SAVINGS**

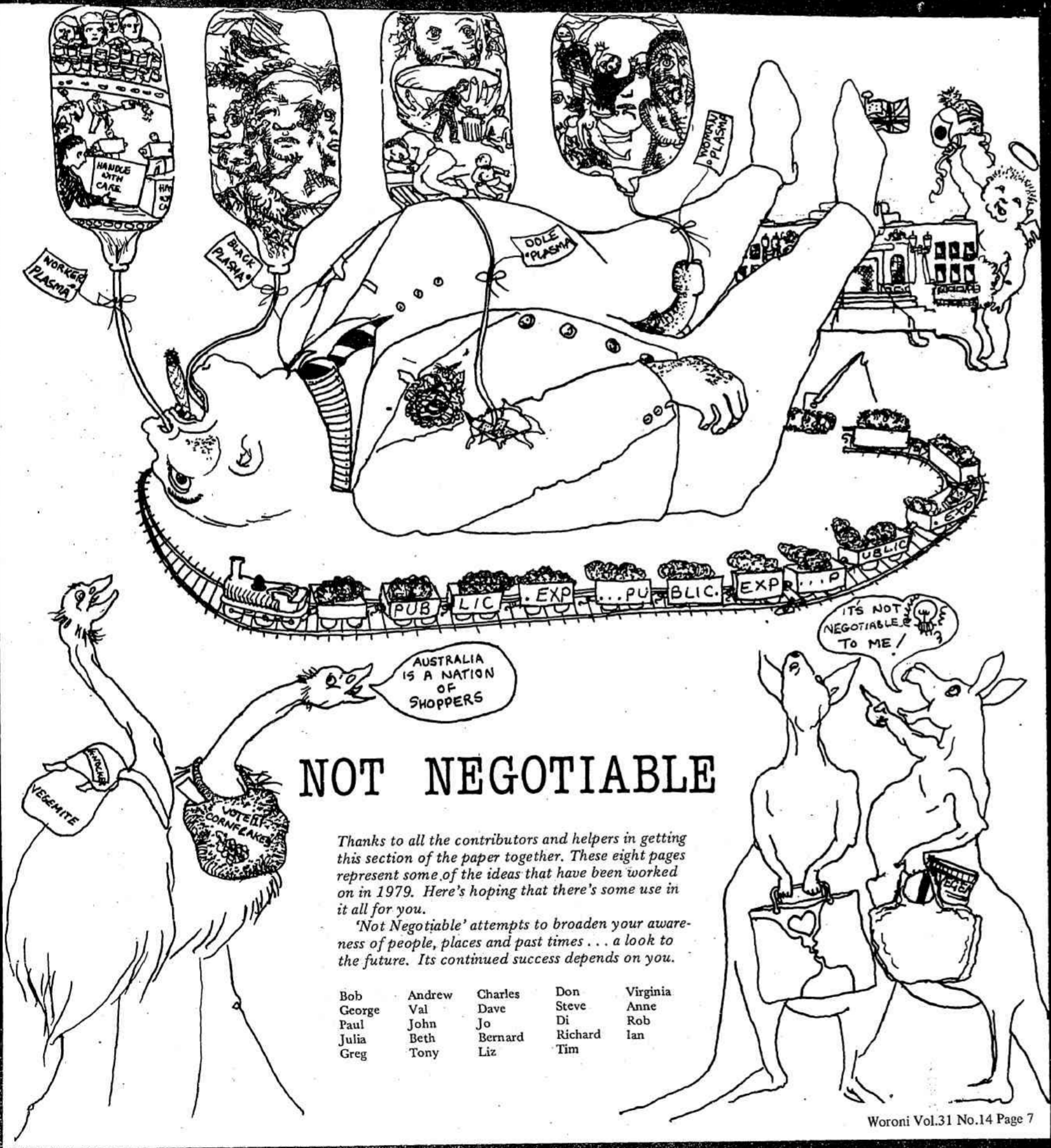
DEATH

STAMP
 DUTY
 PAID

NOT NEGOTIABLE

Abbas Lo Fanda

326261 022644



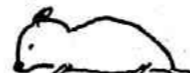
NOT NEGOTIABLE

Thanks to all the contributors and helpers in getting this section of the paper together. These eight pages represent some of the ideas that have been worked on in 1979. Here's hoping that there's some use in it all for you.
 'Not Negotiable' attempts to broaden your awareness of people, places and past times... a look to the future. Its continued success depends on you.

- | | | | | |
|--------|--------|---------|---------|----------|
| Bob | Andrew | Charles | Don | Virginia |
| George | Val | Dave | Steve | Anne |
| Paul | John | Jo | Di | Rob |
| Julia | Beth | Bernard | Richard | Ian |
| Greg | Tony | Liz | Tim | |

STAYIN' AWAKE

Andrew James
Copyright 1978



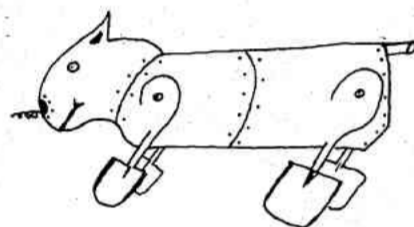
NOT NEGOTIABLE

Wak-en up be dammed its like hearing some rat-shit band so you light the first me rolled and you take a morning stroll
up a-round the corner to the man for you must order work to fill the day work to save your pay work
to feel the day a-gain and a-gain but you find that work is hard to get can't afford
no eig-a-rette ask the wife where do I stand she says wak-en up be dammed and stayin a-wake well I
just can't stand CHORUS ba-by what's be-come of me well I'm learnin' nothin more from your laural rre
ba-by what's become of me I get the feeling that I may loe you

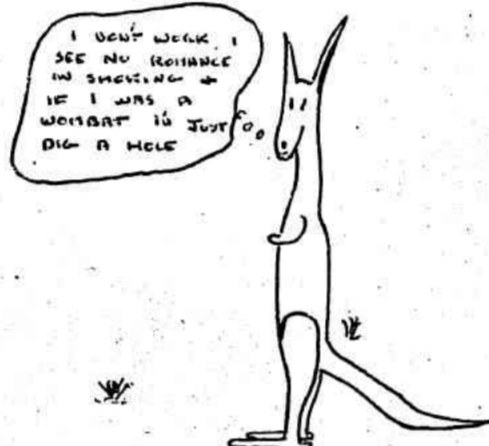
Second verse

Wondering where I'll be my state-of-mind by half past three
Depends on what I do maybe the fat I try to chew or in the
bath I'll lay me down in the bath try hard to drown
Playin' with me toys makin' playin' noises while I'm
playin' with me toys again, and again
Dressed and fully plastered today was a disaster
Ask the wife where do I stand, she says
Waken shit be damned and stoppin' awake well I just
can't stand. Baby what's become of me, well I'm
learning... etc....

Chorus

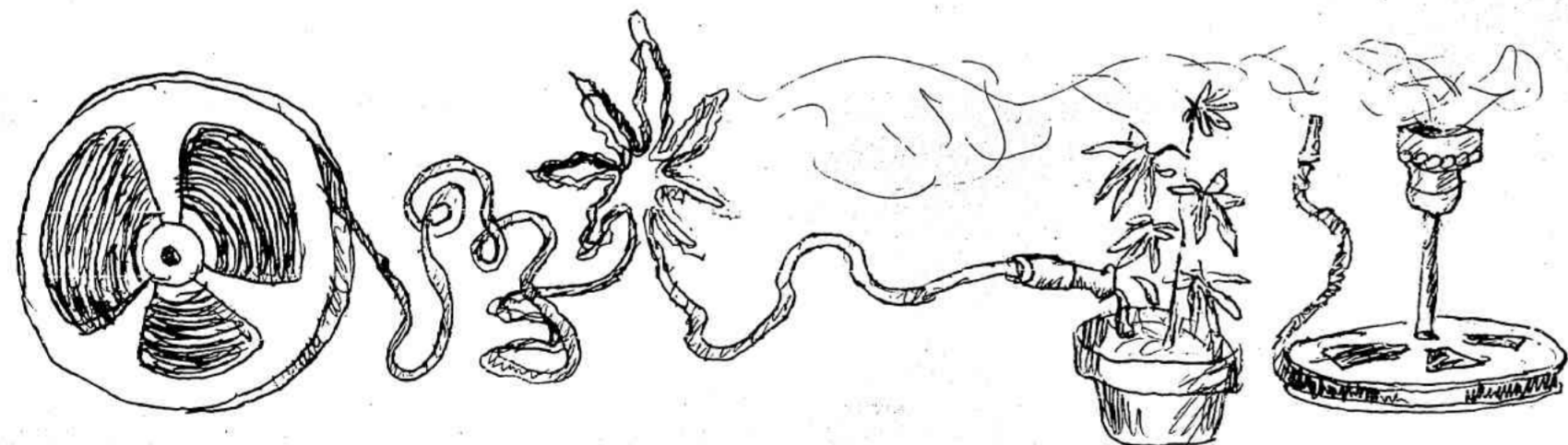


The Modern Warbler, yul ky?



I DON'T WORK I
SEE NO ROMANCE
IN SHOWING UP
IF I WAS A
WOMAN I'D JUST
DIG A HOLE

THE CANNABIS TAPES by Don Pederick



As far back as 1973, on this placid campus, some fiend painted 'Free Dope' stencils on every available wall and path. A bit further back, (1894 in fact), the 'Report of the British East India Commission' decided that 'the moderate use of hemp drugs is practically attended by no evil results at all'. Then again, George Washington, in his wisdom, was avidly growing the stuff in 1765, at about the same time as the State of Virginia imposed penalties on those who did not produce it. To keep the historians happy, one might note that the Chinese were busily printing thousands of copies of the world's first book, back in 770 A.D., on paper composed entirely of Cannabis sativa.

But such history seems a bit irrelevant

today when those who wish to smoke the odd joint or two either pay enormous prices (and risk being busted), or grow their own (and take a greater risk of being busted); when glaucoma sufferers the world over are denied what is potentially one of the most effective known medicines and when forests are being stripped for woodchips to make paper inferior to that produced from cannabis. And when the recent South Australian Royal Commission feels that 'one of the striking features of the cannabis debate - (is) - the gap between the evidence and widely held beliefs.'

It is obvious that the attention paid to cannabis as a 'dangerous' drug during this century must rate as one of the most ludicrous scenarios ever witnessed. No personal

experience of dope, nor any amount of scientific investigation, can support the 'Reefer Madness' theories of the 1930's, yet our present laws are still based on them, and successive waves of equally ridiculous theories brought forward to replace them. (Not to mention that 1) these laws were first enacted in the U.S. as a racist reaction to Mexican minorities, and 2) they are perpetuated internationally in the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs 1961, when, by simple scientific and medical definition, cannabis is *not* a narcotic.)

The fact remains however, in spite of every major government-sponsored inquiry since 1894 deciding otherwise (with one notable exception)*, that cannabis is treat-

ed in the law as a dangerous drug and users treated as criminals; a situation, which, in light of the evidence, is quite indefensible. And for those who feel it to be an insignificant issue today, it does seem strange that the vast majority of dope convictions fall on the unemployed and low income groups, and that wider police powers and ASIO powers are frequently justified on the grounds of stopping drug trafficking.

So what's been happening? Numerous groups around the world (including the Clear Light Society in Japan ??!) have been campaigning for cannabis law reform, and, especially in the U.S., with some success. These groups have also now formed an international lobby aiming at having cannabis removed from the 1961 Single

'OWED TO INCEST'

My father is dying. My father is dead. The physical is diseased and it won't be long before he is cast to the Earth Mother for her worms to etch out survival, on his rotting flesh. The Real father is suffering me and my sisters the horror of perpetual rebirth. The insidious power He has to manifest Himself in the being of men and thus inflict his poisonous shadow on the souls of me and my sisters and devour what life we have left.

I am not a parasite. I will not fall to his feet in lust of His acceptance. I see many of my sisters cast under His spell, clinging to His last breath, His last wish, in a never ending struggle for acceptance. They clamour to His body, forsaking their own; they surrender their souls, their hopes, their love, in one last desperate attempt that He might free them. He only has only the power to imprison them. The freedom of my sisters will only be gained at the expense of His power. I am threatening His power because I am a lesbian.

In my idyllic world, I can move among women, with women, to any space where His shadow lies dormant. It flares, spitting words to make us cringe in terror, but we are strong, we can subdue it. We want to eradicate it but it slinks off to a stronger base where it can muster strength and lick its bruised ego. But I am still strong in the love of my sisters.

When I leave my idyllic world to grow elsewhere, I muster courage and ideals, pack them tightly in my head in the hope that my body will not weaken when I meet Him. I am scared, as I walk inside. It reeks of His vile condescension, lechery and power. The women sit huddled at His tables, laughing, tense, conscious of His every move. I sit beside the women I know. They are consciously oblivious of me, as if waiting for a direct confrontation with Him. I watch intently, as they speak of Him in awe, distaste, respect, forever negating themselves. They emphasise His passion and their honour at having it bestowed on them. They speak His language; 'sheilas, cunts, molls, chics, babes', defining each other with these sexual descriptions. Like Him they judge each other on the sexual perform-

ances, attractions, and acceptance that He experiences with them. Of course I must be disdainfully observed or go unnoticed if I have rejected this form of slavery and imprisonment.

He stares across the bar at me; threatening, curious, in drunken oblivion, interrogating me at first opportunity. The women sit by, feeding His strength; hatred bitterness and pain, reflect in their

eyes. They wait for my downfall in eager anticipation; it will mean a reinforcement of the subservient position held by All women. I do not fall, but ignorance has made Him rise, in the eyes of all but me.

I leave; an enigma. They know that I'm different. The young women accept it but the others don't. They must pin a label to me. I retreat from the thresholds of His power in the hope

BLACK ROSE;

of a temporary escape, but He is malignant in their home. Blood sisters reek of His stench. His words came pounding through the television, easily implanting themselves in the already cancerous regions of their souls. I fight with Him, draining myself of all supplies. I will not resort to the indulgence of tears. I will paint. I paint 'Sisters'.

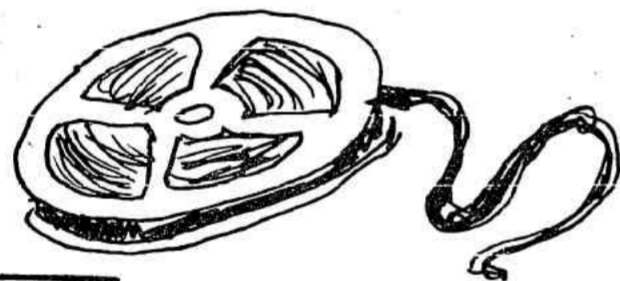
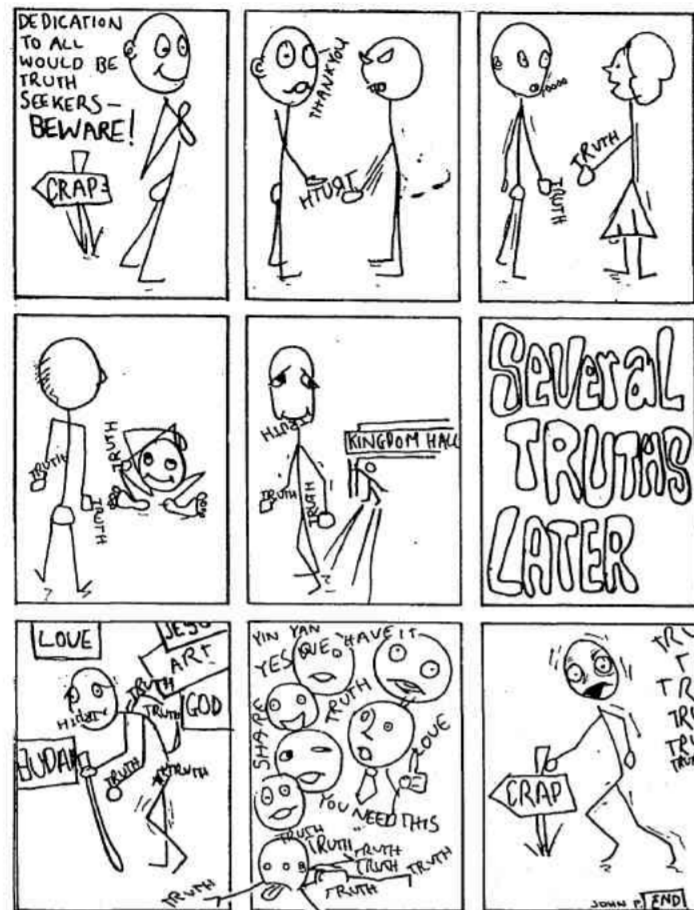
She looks at me in the same way she did when I told her I had 'crabs', then laughed. I do not want to see her as a mother, but as a sister. She draws on our past to remind me that I am her daughter. Her daughter the lesbian. That is all. I'm also unemployed. Isn't that more important.

Slowly His shadow is creeping into my soul, jeering at my attempts to be strong and refuse Him the weakening of my spirit. I begin to cry in a fit of frustration, questioning why? Am I too late? Have my sisters become so entrenched in His being that I am now a laughable alien to them?

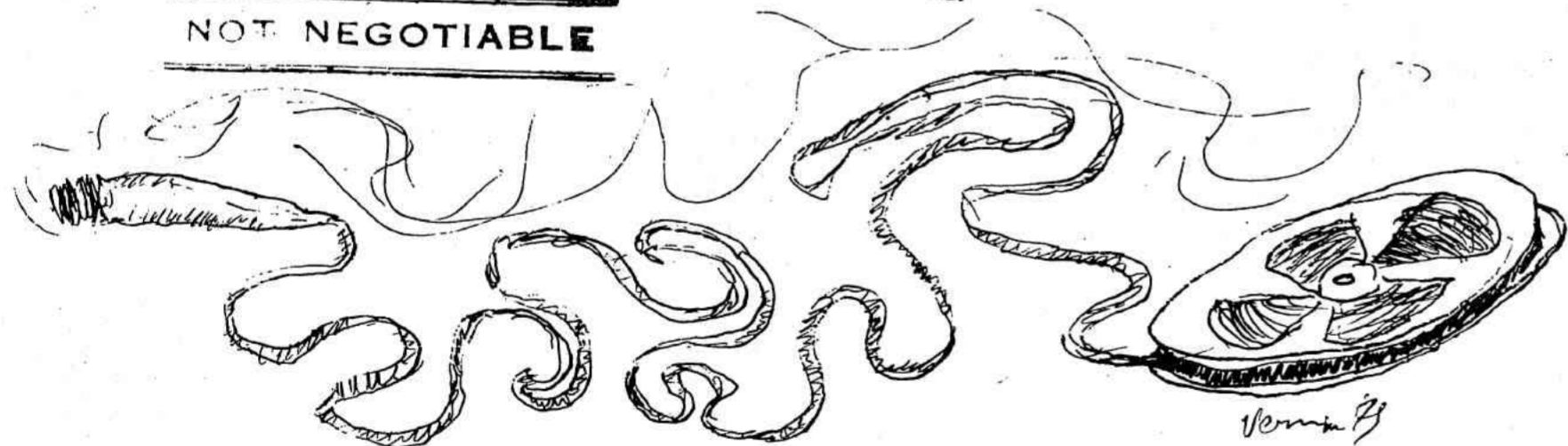
I have had to negate myself by being silent. Not only the ever present physical threat of violence by Him, but through the real death of my own father power. In his life he has digested most of what He creates, projects and perpetuates and we have all suffered at His hands and mouth. Torn between the masochistic obligation of love, and my hate, I am a prisoner in his dominions, until he dies. That does not stop the fact that All women are prisoners, even the strongest of sisters; prisoners of a gut love tradition.

His links are painfully being broken and sister links joyfully being forged, but only for some. With the consummation of each marriage, each act of physical and mental violence against women, each act of discrimination against women on the grounds of their sex, and the perpetual negation of Her Self and Her Sisters, the shackles become heavier and more permanent.

I am fighting side by side with my sisters, alone and together, to smash the shackles. I am fighting to free all women from the Oppressor, but Sisters can win no fight if so many women accept their imprisonment and side with Him against us.



NOT NEGOTIABLE



Convention. In Australia, a number of groups have waged their own campaigns for several years, and have no doubt contributed to the changes in attitude towards dope laws seen in some politicians and in the public as a whole. It is obvious in fact, that the task is to change public opinion, in order to remove the ballot-box fear - that fear being most likely a strong reason behind Des Corcoran's rejection of the South Australian Royal Commission's recommendations. The oft repeated 'not enough evidence' claims are merely a facade - governments have had enough facts at their disposal for years now.

e.g. 'No controlled scientific data have ever been presented to this Department

concerning the efficacy or safety of the therapeutic use of cannabis' - Commonwealth Director-General of Health, 8/8/79.

'... and its use in the treatment of nausea accompanying cancer chemotherapy and in the treatment of glaucoma remain promising'

- Technical Information Bulletin, June, 1979 (published by the Commonwealth Department of Health)

C.R.F.A. in Canberra

The Cannabis Research Foundation of Australia has aimed for several years now

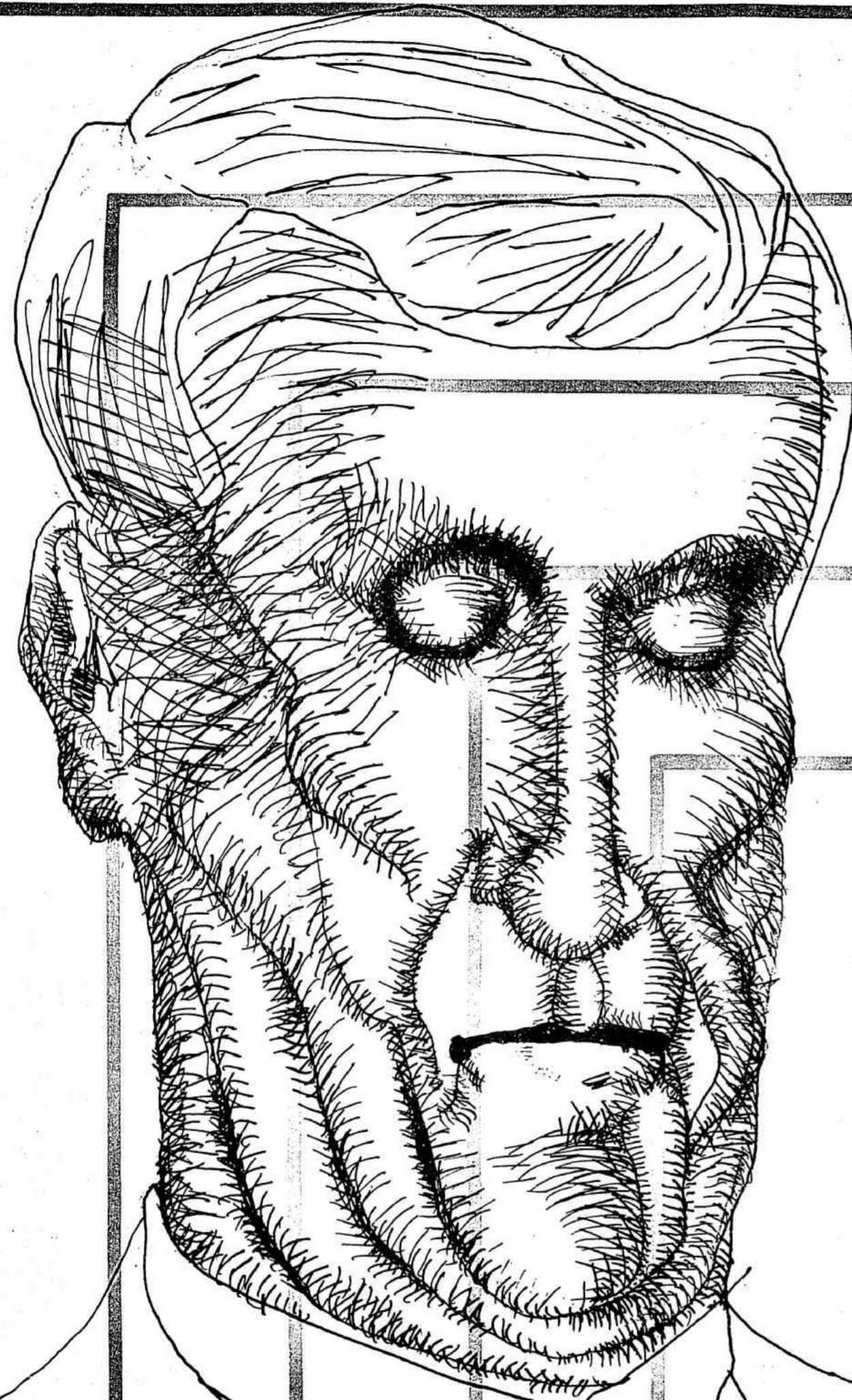
to change public opinion by making information freely available which would otherwise never reach most people, and to keep up pressure on those making inconsistent statements such as the above. To this end, the C.R.F.A. is now opening an office in Canberra, a fairly obvious place in which to lobby. What is needed now is for those people who are oppressed by the cannabis laws (remember: grow a few plants over summer and there's a reasonable chance of being charged with dealing - you then become the dreaded 'pusher' that everyone hates), to help the campaign and do something towards changing some of the worst laws we at present are forced to live with. The office is located upstairs in the O'Connor shopping centre, on the

McPherson Street side, and badly needs materials (e.g. desks, bookshelves, cupboards, etc.) to set up, as well as finance and, most importantly, energy.

The C.R.F.A. can also be contacted at P.O. Box 1145, Canberra City, A.C.T.

So, if you think the laws need change, come and give us a hand; and if you think they should stay as they are (or even get tougher), then come and find out what the dope lobby is on about. Because despite what readers of the Women's Weekly may be led to believe, Dr Hardin-Jones is not the authority on marijuana.

* The exception is (wait for it) 'The Marijuana-Hashish Epidemic and Its Impact on U.S. Security (1974)'



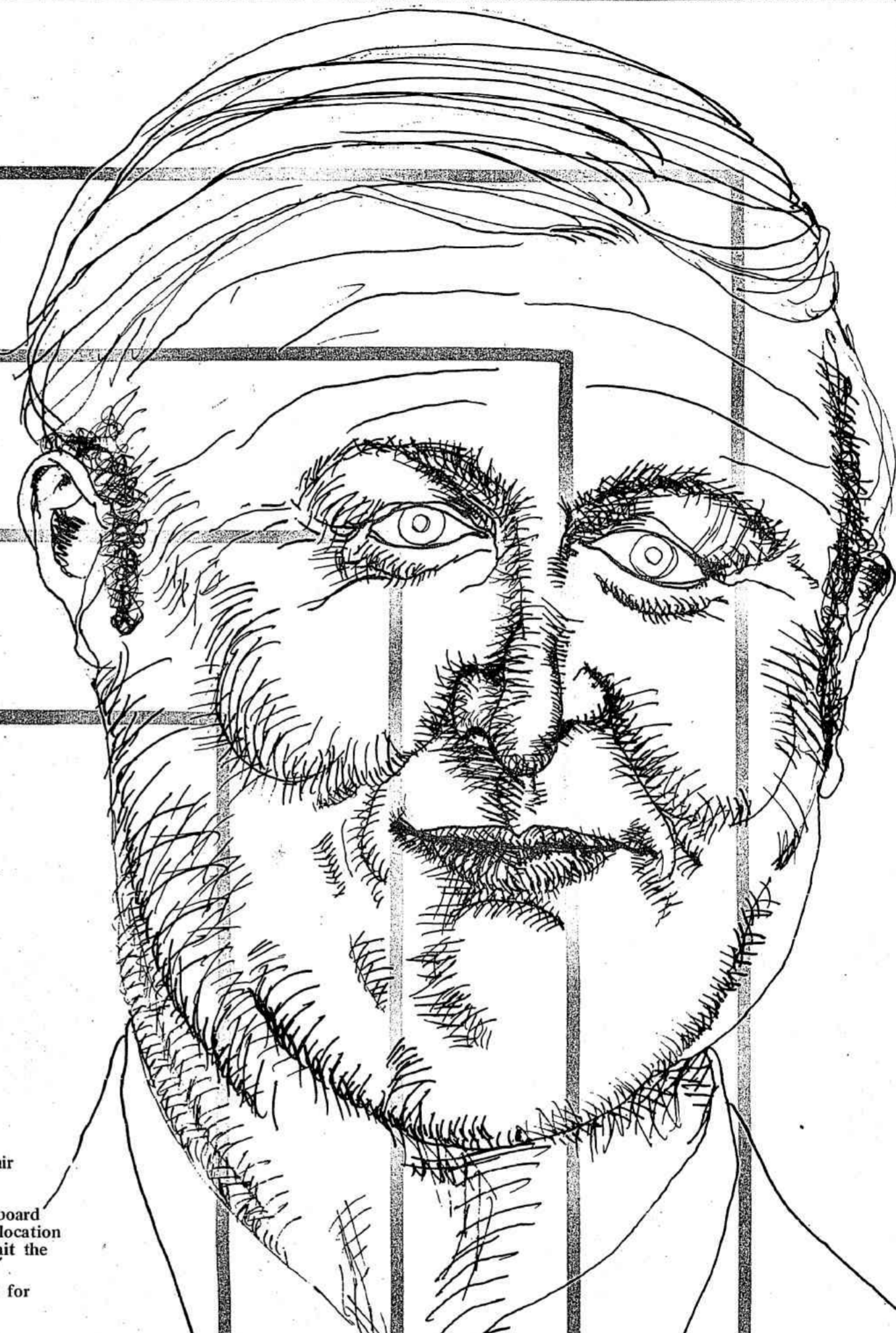
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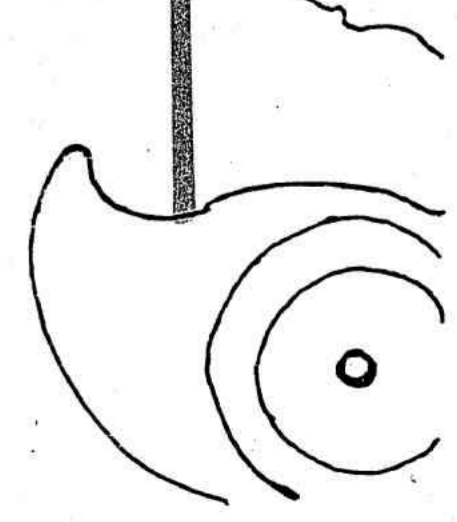
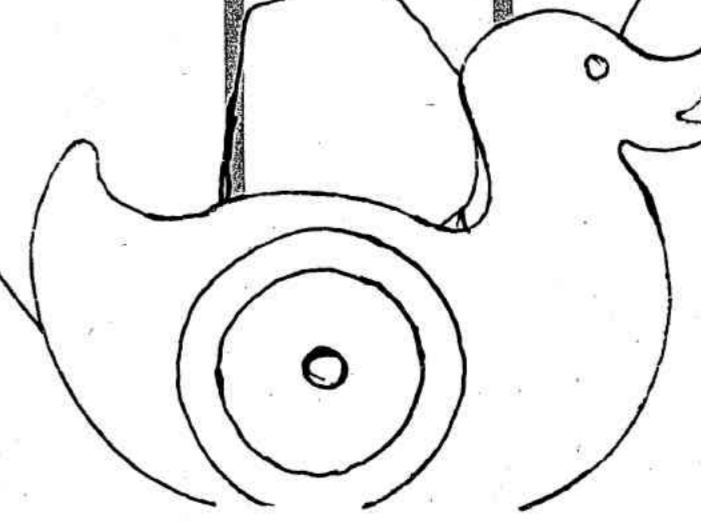
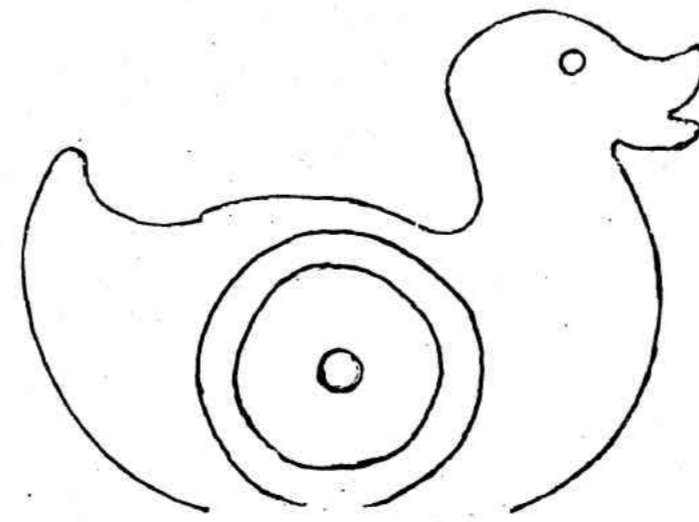
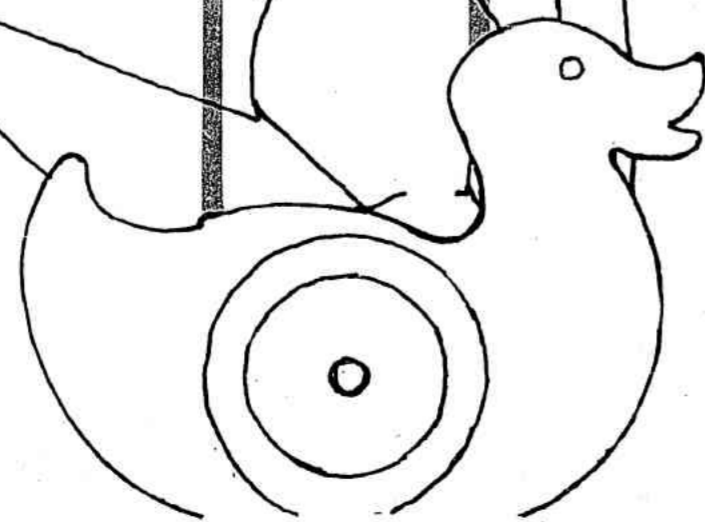
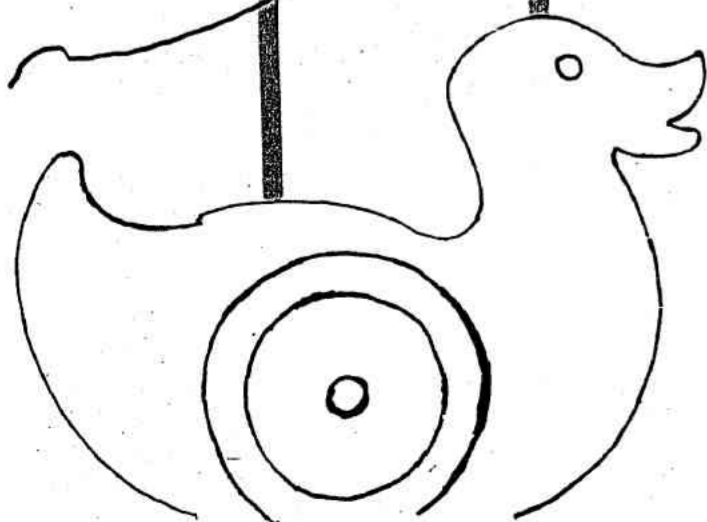
CENTREFOLD PIN-UP

A favourite pastime at the old country fair was the dart game. It's quite simple:

1. Attach this page to some thick cardboard
2. Place the board in some convenient location
3. Throw darts, making sure that you hit the right targets.

NOTE: We've placed a few sitting ducks for your convenience.

LOADS OF FUN !



ANARCHY in-TACT

Along with overseas stirrings of interest in the philosophy of 'real democracy' (new journals in Britain, Canada, and elsewhere, police harassment which is always a positive sign, and numerous gatherings and 'events' in various places, including the resurgence of 'self-management' unionism in Spain) there are signs that anarchism is on the upswing again in Australia. Recent public meetings in Sydney and Melbourne testify to this as does the burst of publishing, especially of anarcho-feminist newspapers in Sydney, and the continuing activities of self-management and libertarian groups in Brisbane.

Canberra also has had an active anarchist presence for some years (at least) but little in the way of an anarchist group, though some anarcho-feminists were active as a university-based group and organised a National Conference. Many of the most progressive activists have been devotees of horizontal organisation and flexible, informal proceedings, and many struggles have shown these anarchic characteristics.

Still, it has not been good enough. Quite apart from failing to green the city with democratic structures, anarchists in this benighted town have rarely been able to provide support and/or understanding for one another. But, being aware of the inter-relatedness of the need to work on one's own psychology of powerlessness at the same time as confronting some or all of the manifestations of repression in the wider world, local believers have been working in a number of not-always-visible ways on themselves and on what they believe.

Suddenly, a group of 25 or so materialised a few weeks back, and quite clearly many who could have been there were not, so it was a very useful start to the process of strengthening networks and identifying issues for discussion. This gathering was helped along by coinciding, almost, with publication of my 'Reader of Australian

Anarchism - 1886-1896' which I hope will do two things - 1. provide a closer-to-home historical background for Australian libertarians, and allow us to draw on the insights and vigor of people more a part of our cultural context than Kopotkin, Goldman, etc; and

2. provide discussion points for groups and individuals about the more practical implications of thinking anarchically.

The first night's discussion was a fairly general one. The second one was specifically focussed on 'Refugees', which topic Brian Martin introduced. This produced a more wide-ranging discussion than first seemed likely and produced the need to look at 'Violence' more particularly. So, our next meeting will do just that.

It is hoped before the October 6 (Public) Conference on 'Canberra, Energy and People' that the anarchist group will make

time to discuss the libertarian response to the (alleged) energy crisis and will play its inevitably significant role in opposing the economic managers and the exploiters with a coalition of forces interested in community ownership and control of energy resources. This Conference could I think be particularly important. Certainly it is of interest for the anarchists and a test as well.

see article on 'Canberra, Energy and People'

Footnote: However with exams taking up a lot of time now, it is proposed to hold over future Anarchist meetings to 1980. This year has seen the beginnings of the rebirth of the movement in Canberra. Next year should see it becoming firmly established.

Bob James,

Women & Art ~

The registry of women artists exists for the benefit of all women involved in the arts in the A.C.T.

The registry has been functioning since early this year. As yet we have no space in which to house R.O.W.A., so meetings are held at the homes of members. We have sixty registered and twenty financial members, who come together through a common interest in art and with the aim of overcoming bias towards women in this field.

The registry has lots of plans for the future which include a large exhibition to be held in March next year - a multi-arts exhibition - and the compilation of an organized and effective slide library. Although at present it seems that most of the members are involved in the visual arts, we are eager to include more actors, poets, musicians, etc. . . . We come together to discuss art-related issues, to review and criticize each others work and to strengthen our feelings about ourselves as artists.

R.O.W.A. aims at making art an intrinsic part of a woman's life, whether she be student, a woman working in domestic isolation, a professional artist, an art educator or purely interested in art concepts, the exploration of female sensibility and sharing the art experience.

If you would like to know more about the registry and the date of our next meeting, you can ring one of the following numbers:

48 8070 and ask for Kathy
47 6341 and ask for Jahna or Anne.

energy mania

Poor building design and inadequate public transport are two reasons why Canberra residents are being particularly hit by rising oil prices and uncertain supply.

This and many other suggestions were put to a one day public conference recently organised by the Canberra and South East Region Environment Centre.

On the bright side, it was pointed out that Canberra was soon to be connected to the natural gas pipeline which could supply cheap energy for heating and cooking for many years if Australia's vast natural gas reserves were not sold off to other energy hungry countries by state governments looking for a "quick quid".

Tone Wheeler from the CCAE School of Environmental Design described ways in which future buildings

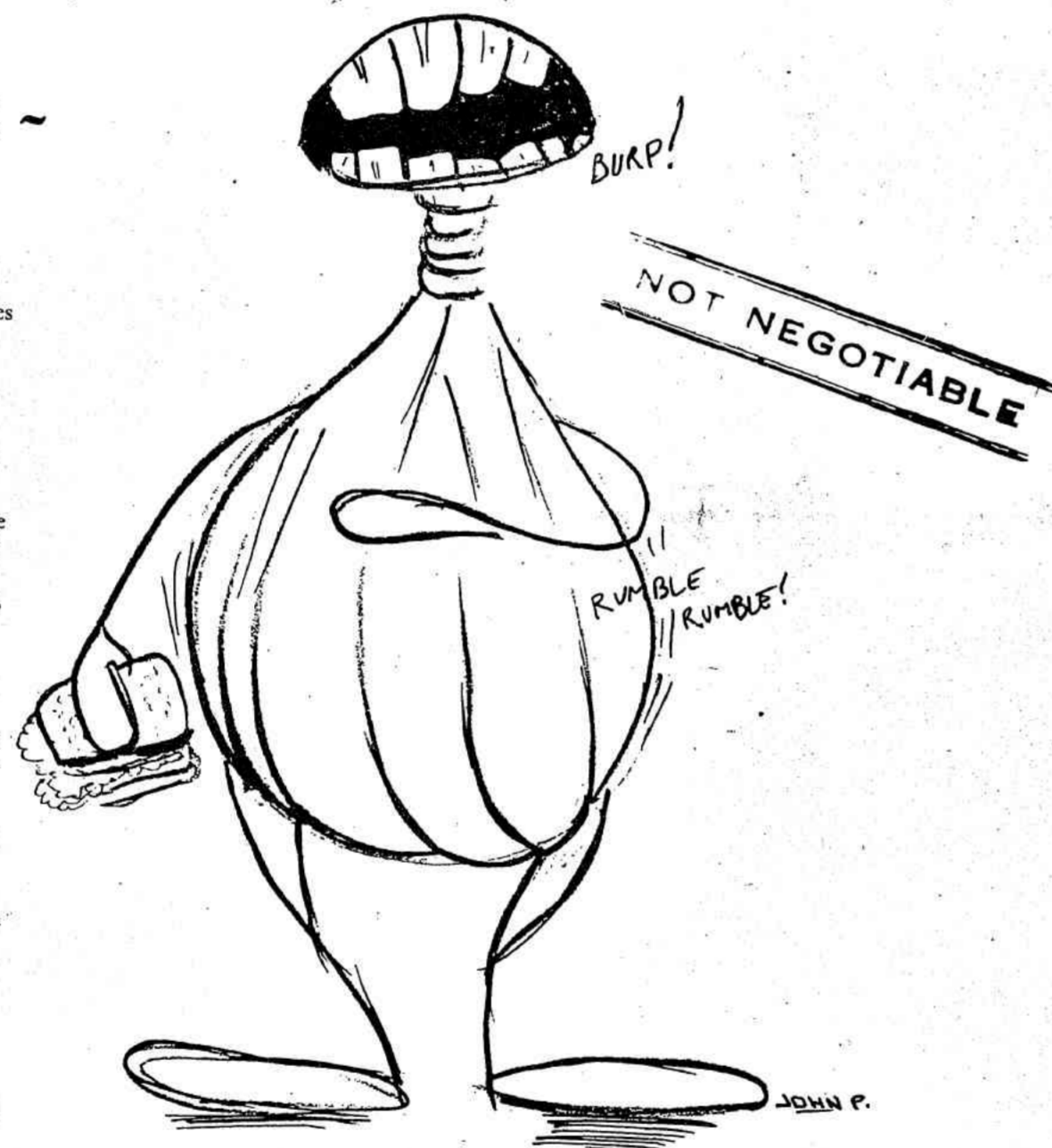
could be designed to make best use of solar energy. Streets can be planned to give as many houses as possible a northerly aspect.

Transport for food is another way that Canberrans are paying high fuel bills. Mark Jullien, a local permaculture

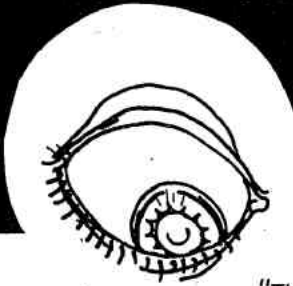
advocate listed a variety of foods growing wild or unused on public land around Canberra. Pine nuts are certainly a delicacy that few Canberra people appreciate though many use the fruit that otherwise rots on the ground in

parks.

For Canberra people coping with the highest cost of living in the country, energy conservation is one way of cushioning the effects of price increases.



IF THERE WERE ANY TRUTH TO THE THEORY OF BIOLOGICAL EVOLUTION, HUMANS WOULD HAVE, LONG AGO BECOME A GIANT SIZED STOMACH.



Two leaves
monkey hands
cling to a lost spring
All others have dropped away
Hands?
Or sloughed gardener's gloves
the pruner's grip frozen on a cherry
bough.
his shears fallen with autumn,
with his ladder
climbing frost bitter blades
of grass.

The oyster punts' black numbers ride the swells;
and tally the waves that ripple their grey hulls.

The fishing boats' shrouds, angling the sky,
rock geometries on the ruffled estuary

Flock settled from a cloudless sky,
the cockatoo coat a leafless tree

Butterflies flower on the offshore breeze;
petals that fall with the sea's green leaves.

The soldier ant,
gripping its blade of grass

Black ants on the breadboard:
the shadows of crumbs

Black cat in the sun;
fur and shadow all one

"The poem of Lucca da Genova; who painted in a manner
that did so imitate reality, he walked into a picture
he had but recently finished, the better to review
his work, and did die of a wound he received in a battle
being fought therein"; From the unpublished works of
Giorgio Vasari (1511-1574), Vatican Library.

A finished thing as like to life as skill
and perspective's new means to shape the will
could let it be, to accord the natural form,
(this foreshortened arm, that battery's storm),

it glowed in the latest medium, oil paint,
more honest in its hues than any saint
or landscape by da Vinci, although it's true
the man had genius; but this work in lieu

stands to the breathing aspects of our life
as twice as lively, its red blood of strife
spilling on the grass from a dying horse,
pike butchered by a soldier with rough force;

So real the pigment, it beckoned, another state
beyond the studio, as tangible as fate,
and Lucca da Genova entering in,
the miracle of his battle sought to win;

The painting is lost, I much regret to say
and with it, ill luck, an earlier fine essay
at the facture of things beyond illusion's rule
which as well made viewer the artist's fool;

But it was his last that brought about his fall
a picture you may chance in some ducal hall,
where you'll wonder at the corpse, in raiment decked
of a court painter, sprawled beside a cannon wrecked;

His wife when he came not home his meal to eat
saw his shoes before his easel, and the feet
bare of that brushed body, and thought it odd
when all the other figures were well shod;

Perhaps alone to Agrippa we should leave
such tamperings with creation, I believe;
and yet, the Greeks would have us search beyond
the knowledge that bold doubts has for us found

He shows how art will artists still survive
when Lucca from his sorcery I revive;
And although, alas, he's but an historian's note
he's heroic in repose, if an anecdote.

What do you need?
What will you fan from the dawn's ash?
The day tunes its bird calls
the river lies unruffled through the glass
a truck beats the time of its crossing
on the iron bridge:

Your bone moves
but you cannot speak its prophecies
cannot free utterance from your blood's
tongue:

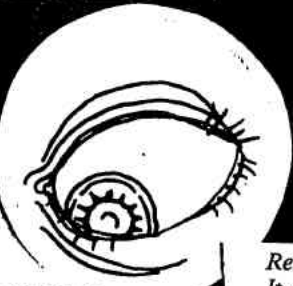
That is your need
the words of a fate
your poetry's fata morgana
an island to which you steer
its groves of eucalypts singing
with oracles:

Darkness is gone
washed into the fish gut sea
What will you do with the shadows that remain?

Bernard Hardy.

NOT NEGOTIABLE
EXTRACTS from
PUBLIC WORKS

Soon to be published



Resignation pierces the air.
It doesn't fall; it stands.
Woman moves under it
and sits under it
at the still door waiting
hands resting on patience
until finally noticed
she leaves
free of gratitude or regret
time snubbing, away turning,
returning; to still sit; and wait.
She has come to terms

Anne

The car is a cave
filled with blackness and burnt wire
worn its stilled wheels,
with country roads, spun miles
Unthreatened greater ferns lean round its flattened
tyres:

A plop, and the water's wounded skin
heals to ripples around a varnished fin.

The wave:
blue rinsed and permanent

In the reach below the dam
a dragon fly, hatching a round warm stone

The caterpillar chews away its path
but will soon grow wings

From its bulb poured into an inky sea,
it thins dilute electricity.

Dust to dust's red flakes in weed and rain.
the car it rots to the rust of a travel stain.

BITTER HATRED MADE HIM A GIRL KILLER!

Question for Midwest homicide sleuths:

PERFECT PLACE TO HIDE A BODY

WERE 6 WOMEN KILLED BY ONE SEX FREAK?

TRAIL OF THE SEX KILLER

BONUS LENGTH FEATURE

RAPE OF THE ODD COUPLE

INFAMOUS CRIMES OF PASSION THE "REMARKABLE RAPE"



AAP-AP satellite picture

Mary Vincent, now fitted with artificial hands, pictured at her home in Las Vegas recently. A rapist cut off her hands and left her for dead a year ago on Thursday.

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18 "MARRY ME, HONEY, OR I'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE A DOG!" **Death for Woman Who Done Him Wrong**

52 SAVAGE RAPE FIEND LEFT TRAIL OF NUDE CORPSES **A** (Continued from page 47)

96 TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LIVE SO SHE DIED IN HORROR *she had made her living for some time by the exploitation of sex and, ironically, it was sex that killed her.*

Teen-age Bonnie's firm 'No' was laughable to the fiend

WERE 6 WOMEN KILLED BY ONE SEX FREAK?

Kentucky and Ohio detectives pulled an investigative rabbit out of the hat to end the murder spree of a killer who had a thing for young, beautiful women.

MURDEROUS DESIGN FOR LOVING

Detectives were sure of only one thing in this incredibly complicated homicide: The dead girl became the victim of a murderous design for loving.

THE THIRTEEN-STATE missing persons alarm, issued by police in North Bergen, New Jersey, described the two teenage girls as very pretty. The older, 17, was Mary Ann Pryor, 5-foot-5, 125 pounds, with brown hair and blue eyes. Her vivacious companion of 16 was Lorraine Marie Kelly, whose 115 pounds were spread over a 5-foot-5 frame also. Miss Kelly was a brown-eyed brunette.

THE SEA is a cruel mistress, and from time immemorial men have sought to tame her; there is a fascination—a mystique—about the ocean. It is both beautiful and deadly, capricious and heedless as any woman who has alternately beckoned and taunted a man. And there is a mystery about it. Things that happen

I WANTED TO WATCH HER DIE

She met a bloody, agonizing death in a New York subway!

NEGOTIABLE

★ HE COULDN'T keep from looking at her. She was everything he had ever dreamed of—a beautiful blonde, with soft, curling hair flowing to her shoulders, a lovely complexion and beautiful, even features: a stunning figure—but why go on? She was perfection and he was overwhelmed;

but then found himself impotent after expending his passion in the actual killing. Or he may have had an orgasm while he was stabbing her."

"Did you find any trace of semen?"

"No, but that doesn't prove anything, either. His clothing could have absorbed it, assuming he was dressed."

The girls were known to hitchhike, and Lori was particularly prone to this mode of transportation that both had been warned about.

"What about sex?" Chief Harbolt asked.

The coroner shook his head. "No sign of a sex assault," he said. "Her panties didn't appear to have been disturbed."

Helen Caputo might not have attracted Death to her if she had been less shapely, less attractive. She might have avoided it if she had darted for the lighted street ahead at the first sound of the heavy, quickening footsteps behind her. Helen turned around, feeling the first surge of fear. She intended to say something—anything—and that was when she realized she had made a mistake.

Helen twisted indignantly against the outrageous assault. She clawed out with her long fingernails, she kicked with all her might, she rained weak punches against the man's chest. Helen never got a glimpse of a marine uniform. She didn't see, either, that with this man sex was a matter of life or death.

wife. "I realized the Lord wasn't going to give me many more years of sex enjoys and I made up my mind not to waste them on that blubber my wife had turned into."

When he left his hotel room that July morning no one would suspect the tall, goodlooking marine possessed such a sinister background. No one would suspect, either, that behind his smiling mask was a mind pre-occupied with an ugly, evil thought—rape!

otherwise. The rape scene is in the film. One of the men told me, "Well, rape turns some men on." Aljean Harnetz in her quest for why the rape scene has become an ugly movie trend found a producer who told her flatly, "We give the people what they want to see."

"It was a horrible scene," he added. "It was clear they had been killed elsewhere and brought here. The bodies looked like two little dolls at Christmastime."

Ex-stripper's lover jealous

THESE EXTRACTS ARE FROM DETECTIVE MAGS: THERE ARE OVER 12 DIFFERENT MAGAZINES MASQUERADING UNDER THE GUISE OF DEFENDING LAW AND ORDER *95% RAPE CONTENT!

Cynthia's system was out of step with her social life.

Radio & TV "brainwashing"
ADVERTISERS (who must all be men) portray women as anything but... and gushing over the latest foodstuffs, washing aids, electrical appliances, beauty aids and soft nappies. Or they see them as helpless widows wondering pathetically how to cope without that insurance coverage. It would seem this is how men want women to be.

One ad I absolutely loathed, dealt with a toilet cleaner. An American-accented male voice stated: "Everyone knows that cleaning a toilet is a chore for women to..."

From my experience, men cannot see women as anything other than housewives, no matter what their educational capabilities. Recently, while opening a fixed deposit account for myself, the bank teller asked my occupation.

Before I could answer, he automatically filled in "housewife". I promptly told him to cross it out and put "secretary", as I certainly would not be capable of opening an account if I were exclusively a housewife.

We can only hope that, with the higher education many girls now acquire, they will also acquire higher self esteem and resist the insidious brainwashing from so many quarters - in particular advertising - which encourages the belief that women are second class people.

Mrs Mary O'Connor

"Females for sale"
OH, HOW I agree with you about outdated advertising when portraying "the little woman" in the kitchen or elsewhere. The only thing to do is refuse to buy products from such firms. Then they will soon wake up to what women are really like.

One of the most awful ads I've seen was in a newspaper - a picture of a "20s bathing beauty" with the heading, "100 females for sale." It was an advertisement concerning cattle. I thought it very unfunny.

Pat Cunningham, Woodford, NSW.

Protest in poetry

I DETEST the "mums" on the TV ads With sparkling kiddies and lovable dads The house is a picture, the ironing a breeze And mum's always ready for that cough, cold or sneeze!

I'm waiting for the day the advertisers will show women as they truly are - and let our image grow.

Mrs V. Parry, Elsternwick, Vic.

Ads that really rile me

RADIO AND TV advertisements that really rile me are those that tell the housewife to use a certain ironing aid, washing powder, or serve the family rich (and expensive) biscuits and so prove her love for her husband and children.

One friend remarked to me: "I often feel like buying the kids a packet of chocolate biscuits and clearing out the ads make me feel so superfluous."

D. Bullock, Lithgow, NSW.

They say that having a baby makes a woman beautiful.

For the Woman in every Mother.

Cracked Miracles

Personal remembers you're a woman.

SUPERFLUOUS KILLED QUICK



Personal Touch is the lady's s... it was designed for a woman, be more... firstly, the twin blades ar head to give you a close, smooth or cuts. Then there's the elegan you to shave your legs a in bath or shower. Plus Pe in matching tortoise shell Personal Touch sh



The Kaneson Expressing and Feeding Bottle is both effective and comfortable even in severe cases. It rapidly converts from pump to feeder without the need to transfer the freshly expressed milk.

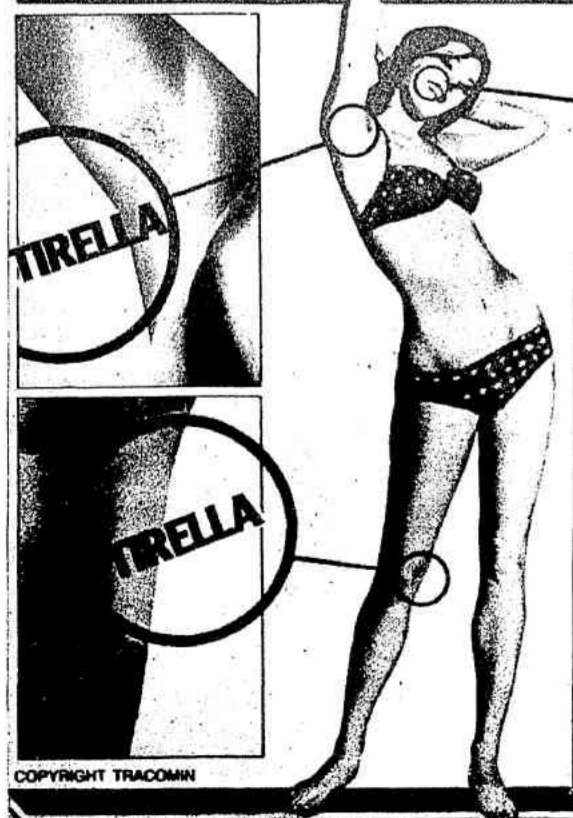


Personal Touch

shaves little spitats ng beautifully

Holeproof Fibs. Would we lie to you?

TIRELLA removes excessive hair at roots and hinders later hair growth



Instant results - ear ple

WOMAN IS THE HANDMAIDEN OF THE WORLD. YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT BABY!!

No sale for sexist ads

I TOO get very angry with some of the advertising which is dished up to women. I personally will not buy any product which is advertised in such a way as to make women seem dim-witted, no matter how good the product.

Mine is a business family and as such we know the value of advertising. But I do believe that advertising should be done properly and responsibly.

I try to teach my children, especially my two boys, not to be sexist and I often point out to them the ads which tend to put women down. They are aware of this, especially on TV; it is often discussed at our place and we all feel disgusted with the contents of some of these ads.

"A Reader" (name supplied), Qld.

1-DAY HOME TRIAL COUPON

C MAIL ORDER PTY LTD

381 Dee Why - N.S.W. 2099

the following: Art. no. 566

TIRELLA - for only \$ 7.50 plus \$ 1.00 P&P

TIRELLA - for only \$ 11.50 plus \$ 1.50 P&P

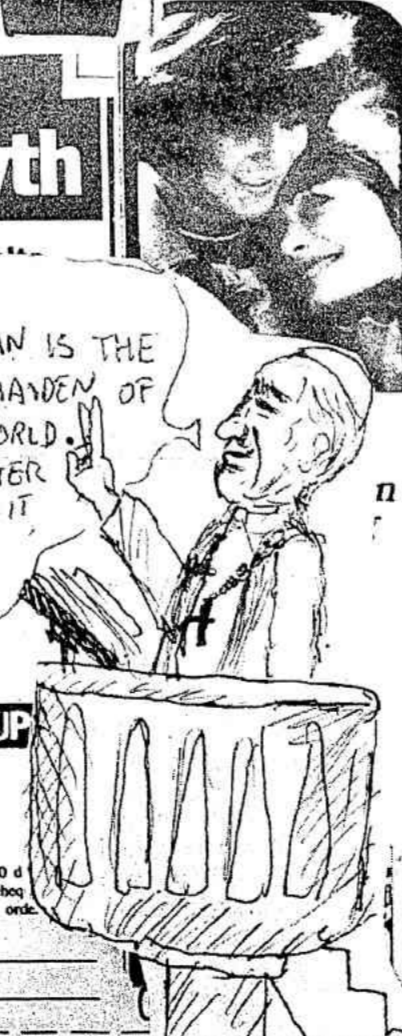
14-day Guarantee if I am not delighted after 30 d

Allow 10 days for clearance of interstate choo

dispatch of goods. I enclose cheque, postal orde

or cash (if cash, register your letter).

SS:



Vermin did the cartoon in 1973.

The Amusing Arsehole



THE YEAR'S BEST ALBUMS

told me that this issue was to be the final one for 1979. The last one. The end. No more. My tears spilled onto the layout sheet before me.

What could I do to mark this momentous occasion with due respect? When would I stop asking rhetorical questions and get on with it? AT the point of desperation, I turned to the nearest editor-thing. It snarled and gibbered at me in an unfriendly manner. "What will I do?" I wailed. "Why not drop a 'Top Ten Albums for 1979' as you, with your questionable wit, see them?" it replied. And so I did.

Top Tens are a revolting idea. I like them not at all. It smacks of "Desert Island Discs" or repellent commercial radio stations. Who am I, a mere music correspondent, to question the whims and caprices of my superiors? But soft! There had been 13 'Woroni's' until now. That meant 13 reviews. One of them was a bunch of totally fictitious singles, one was of a real single that deserved only scorn, and one was of a live concert. That left ten albums. Was I to merely reiterate what I had done this past year and call it a "Top Ten"? After beating my forehead with a small, thick, plank that I keep especially for the purpose, I decided, as the blood trickled down my cheeks, to write about ten albums that appeared this year, and not necessarily ones that I had dealt with in these august pages. Each one of them is worth crawling five miles over broken glass to obtain, or at least listen to. They won't stop the bleeding, but they are nonetheless good. They are not listed in any order of merit.

It was dark, and a sultry latenight wind rattled the keys of his decrepit typewriter. He glanced at the clock ticking solemnly and monotonously behind him. In a few short hours it would be dawn, and the next day was deadline day. Moaning softly to himself, he clawed at the deskpost until he was in a vaguely upright position. "I'd better stop friggling about and write this bloody review then" he murmured.

Hello readers, hello. My editors, who stand over me like ministering angels (with baseball bats concealed in their wings) have told me with ill-disguised relief that this is to be the last column from me for this year. My brain, for indeed I have an organ that could pass as a brain in a poor light, spun at the time. What had I done? What unwritten law had I transgressed? What sacrilege had I unwittingly committed? But then, with a friendly cudgel blow to the temple, Livingstone

1. Public Image Ltd. The face of the 80's? Perhaps not, but the former J. Rotten and friends churn out a riveting assembly of throbbing, angst-filled noise. Great for dispersing straight dinner-guests.

2. Siouxsie and the Banshees - "The Scream". The face of the 80's? Perhaps not, but the former Sex Pistols groupie and friends churn out an eerie collection of metallic, angst-filled noise. Great for alarming the neighbours. The Australian pressing includes the excellent "Hong Kong Garden". Ignore what Meldrum says about it being a disco hit.

3. Stiff Little Fingers - "Inflammable Material". The face of the 80's? Perhaps not, but Jake Burns and friends belt out high-energy songs unequalled by anything this side of the first Clash album and "Never Mind the Bollocks". A gem.

4. X Ray Specs - "Germfree Adolescence". The face of the 80's. Perhaps... look, NOW do you see why I don't like this sort of thing? Top Ten indeed. Who do they think they are? ... Enough, enough. Poly Styrene (see elsewhere this issue) and a sadly defunct version of the band with some excellent pop, all about lovely lovely consumer society. This album tells why some people go mad in Belconnen Mall. Sociologically important. (Wot?)

5. The B-52's. Sheer madness, but it's brilliant. You may well have heard the single "Rock Lobster". The rest is as good, if not better. Addictive. Keep out of the reach of small children. Resurrected 60's trash pop, but pisses all over its ancestors.

6. Talking Heads - "Fear of Music". Somewhat more intellectual perhaps, but nevertheless, one of the ten best records of the year (so far) in my opinion. May take a little getting used to if you are not familiar with the Heads work, and less direct than the first two albums, but unique.

7. Brian Eno - "Taking Tiger Mountain (by strategy)", "Another Green World". A tie for re-release of the year. Both of these records are astonishing by dint of the new ground they cover. A bit oblique at first perhaps, but they grow on you. The first is alien pop, and the second is totally different, being a set of "sonic pictures".

8. David Bowie - "Lodger". Another parasitical record. Diverse and a little bit bewildering mayhap, but the more I listen to it, the more absorbed I get.

9. La Dusseldorf - "Viva". An album that poverty prevented me from getting hold of, and thus reviewing in full. German "Neumusik", but not in the least cold or dull. Strangely inspiring. Sadly, it is rather hard to come by, but if you get the chance, it really deserves attention. You can dance to most of it too.

10. This space is reserved for the album of your choice. That's very fair, is it not?

The deed is done. I stagger into the 'Woroni' office. A drooling editor-thing snatches the typescript from my quivering hand and falls swooning to the filthy floor. This is the end. Hal and farewell, dear reader, it saddens me to come to this. O cruel Fate! Thou hast laid me low! Adieu... ad... GAAAARRRRGGGGHHHKK (Silly sod. - Eds.)

rockpile vile!

DAVE EDMUNDS AND NICK LOWE AT THE UNION.

Inexplicably, the evening of Tuesday the 10th of this month found over 500 people milling around the Union Court. I was one of them. In some sort of divine musicological orientation we were all facing the closed doors of the Union Building. Despite this homage the doors remained closed until well past eight o'clock. Whence the doors finally opened it took yours truly half an hour of milling, mulling and murmuring around to discover that there was in fact one door for students and another for others. Many others, alas, discovered this information too late and actually CAME IN THE WRONG DOOR (god forbid!) They were summarily relegated to the horde outside. Forty-five minutes after arriving I finally found myself inside and Four bucks poorer (it's 4 with a capital 'F' if you are as poor as the average editor or indeed the average student). Inside I found the bar crowded, dry seating space (on the floor) non-existent, and the atmosphere already thick enough to carve. So, I left. I didn't go very far however, simply upstairs to sink two jugs and hence, make myself even poorer. I was now in a frame of mind to enjoy the best and the worst the 'refectory' could offer. I returned, my second entrance being much facilitated by a small delibible blue star stamped just behind my middle digit.

Standing room only and 'Mental as Anything' were already well into a very clean, very tight set of very 'safe' rock n'roll. Only last year I was watching these boys in an Oxford Street pub in Sydney. On that occasion I was jammed between the bar and the bass guitarist. I got sprayed with sweat from po-guing 'punks' jammed in all around, the floor was awash with broken glass and beer and enterprising headbangers were taking to those Australian bar room tiles with a vengeance they truly deserved. Raw gutsy sort of stuff

and Tuesday night showed the band had left it all a long way behind. It's sad I guess but it seems that's the price you pay for being on Countdown these days. 'The nips were getting bigger' and the Union crowd like it that way (obviously there were many aspiring Meldrums amongst them). They left the stage after this number and the people called for more. They didn't get it. The crowd hummed around me, obviously well primed. I, myself, was finding it very difficult to stand up, having imbibed far too much amber liquid. I sat down on the floor (something for which my best black corduroys will never forgive me). Staring through the forest of meaty legs it occurred to me how few of them belonged to students. Could it be that the well rumoured talents of these soon to be seen English music legends were not enough to warrant the impoverishment of a student income? Had I made a terrible mistake? The first chords of some very slick rock n'roll boomed from the P.A. I rose (with some difficulty) to my feet and within five minutes my fears were confirmed. I was swallowed up in a horrendous blast of revamped 60s nostalgia rock n'roll. The subtle saccharin overtones became too much after 'Girl Talk'. By flaying my arms wildly for several minutes I managed to clear enough space to dance, venting my displeasure through my plastic shoes upon the beer soaked floor. In this way I was almost able to make up for the total lack of ingenuity in the band through my rhythmic twitching body. Many other people nearby were doing the same though I doubt they were motivated by the same reasons. I noted with suspicion that many were over 25. Refugees from the 60's reliving adolescent fantasies of the seamy swivel hipped kind. I left, disgusted, too drunk to care and very happy that I was under 25. ☺. ☹

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OUT NOW

The AUS Homosexual Research Project

compiled by MANDA BILES

AUS Homosexual Research Project



The Australian Union of Students has researched and compiled a homosexual research project. The project documents discrimination against gay students and staff in Australian tertiary institutions, presents student attitudes and experiences, outlines work done by student unions on homosexual rights and gives concrete advice about how to start a gay group on campus. Cost is \$1.00. Send order and money to A.U.S., 97 Drummond Street, Carlton, Vic. 3052.

Australian Union of Students

the terminal fish page

It's good to see the chimp back in the rafters where he belongs.

I haven't seen as much shit flying around the pool table for months.

But what made him leave Collage?

Remember the "CONDEMNED" sign we removed from the bar, so Chimp could get up into the rafters?

Well, it wasn't the one we'd put there.

So there were these two hundred students camped out in the Housing Office, and the old biddies didn't even notice them...

... until they realised they only had 100 sleeping bags.

Even so, they'd still be there now except somebody had a wizard wheeze.

They pinched some workmen's huts, parked them on City Hill,...

... and told the NEDC that they were infill housing.

And what happened?

They've got the contract to build the new Parliament House.

BEAKS - 14



MYSTERY PIC!!!

Can I fondle your suede, Lola?

What have these people got in common? Who are they?

ANSWER:-
They are ornamental fishbaskets.
Narendra Modi and Lola Montes.

THE UNBELIEVABLE VERMIN, IN CONJUNCTION WITH RICHESTAS NOVELTIES PTY. LTD. PRESENTS

BY POPULAR DEMAND!!

THE FINAL FILTH

IT IS SPRING AGAIN... THE SEASON THAT BRINGS JOY TO THE HEARTS OF SOME, AND LIQUOR TO THE STOMACHS OF OTHERS...

SPEED
BONNY BOAT
LIT A TUNDR
IN A SLUING

AND IN ANOTHER COUNTRY, WITH ANOTHER NAME...

OVERRRR
TH' SAILORS
THUINGH!
HEH HEH

SO MUCH FOR 1979.

BY THE WAY, HAVE ANY EAGLE-EYED READERS NOTICED THAT VERMIN & ATHOL ARE ONE AND THE SAME? BYE-BYE. THE END. FUN, WASN'T IT?

GLUXP

COME A LITTLE CLOSER NOW, CLOSER NOW, CLOSER NOW, CLOSE ENUFF TO LOOK IN MY EYES - SHU-RO-MUH

KLA

BOOK REVIEW

'THE GREEN CITY'
August 1979.

by Roger Johnson,

It was probably coincidental that the same week saw the release of Roger Johnson's book 'The Green City' and the public announcement of the Canberra Development Board. But the one complements the other so well, that one is tempted to see a connection.

The book is a snare and a delusion. Full of 'nice, unfussy' drawings of bike-paths, city forests and 'soft' urban landscapes, it manages to pile confusion on confusion, so that it's not surprising that the author, an 'expert' on environmental design, fails to see that he totally misses the point.

Johnson has acknowledged that there is no original idea in the book — he should've gone further and agreed that it represents a step backwards. In the 166 pages there is nothing about the problem of the cities, which is the problem of decision-making power, i.e. Who makes the decisions and who has to live with the consequences? So much touting and primping with green or 'the wonderful qualities of blue' will not affect the numbers of bodies maimed or lungs blackened by the motor car or its bi-products. Neither will Mr Johnson's suggestions put homeless people into houses or put humanity into Government policy.

It is particularly appropriate to make these remarks from the context of 'The National Capital'. This so-called Garden City is a monument to the motor-car, has at least 5,000 vacant houses, is Mr Johnson's base, accommodates the central government, already wears the sorts of trappings 'The Garden City' suggests and has as well very high levels of suicide, family breakdown, psychiatric disorders, and youth unemployment.

Canberra has bicycle paths, Mr Johnson. But we also have a non-elected NCDC for which we pay, an advisory-only Legislative Assembly, a rash of arrogant, faceless corporate managers making decisions 'on our behalf' and now an imposed crunch of money-makers, whose only public virtue is their ability to expropriate surplus value better than anyone else. Whether you wish to spell it out publicly or not, Mr Johnson (we know how dependent you and your kind are on the money-makers for your salary and for your trips overseas) even *your* book's limited bibliography contains material on the uselessness of suggesting 'reforms' without taking into account the distribution of power. Why didn't you?

Let's be lenient and suggest that Mr Johnson left out of his discussion all reference to imbalances in decision-making power because he thought or hoped his ideas for 'greening the city' would prove so rapturously acceptable to the populace, at high and low 'stations of life' that momentum to change in the directions he suggests would be irresistible, especially given the drastic shortages of oil that Mr Johnson expects within 10 to 15 years. So what, Mr Johnson? Your twelve 'easy ways to make our cities more enjoyable'

(summarised p.147) address themselves to social problems (i.e. the things that affect people's enjoyment, especially in cities) only once; that is where you suggest the exploitation of 'residents and the unemployed' as voluntary labor, on page 16. I notice also on page 161, Mr Johnson that your real view of people comes through, especially the people whose struggles you've co-opted to make money from. You say, under 'Implementation' of 'your' ideas:

"Implementation will then follow the normal planning procedures. . . Individual or localised protest should be small because the action would be all to the residents advantage."

The same old 'we know best' from the over-paid planners looking for their next university to design, or their next government consultation — for a fee of course.

It's clear that Mr Johnson, despite his talk of 'the barrenness of the incomplete psyche' and the need to green the city in order to rectify this defect (see pages 78 on), has yet not managed to put himself into his own critique. He sounds to me like another 'man of the head', someone deeply into words about feelings, not into feelings themselves; he sounds like someone fending off real contact with himself, by talking about the need for real contact with nature. Even your theory is flawed, it seems to me, Mr Johnson; For example, on page 78, you say:

"Like the osprey we are creatures of the world of nature. When we shut out nature by making a huge built-up sprawl of our cities there is a danger that we lose touch with the roots of our existence."

And you can talk about putting trees, water, grass and rocks into urban spaces, but apparently only for decoration, or as technological-fixes (p.88) "for control of temperature, air-quality and sun-glare, for recreation and as a movement and land-use system." This last idea could have been the base for a real breakthrough, but you nowhere acknowledge the integrated nature of life, and nowhere acknowledge 'the country' as the source of life (particularly food) and the cities as the place of consumption of that life. Sure, let's put trees, etc. into our cities, but let's acknowledge that trees are not just shapes, colors and objects for human entertainment, but are growing things. They have life, they produce end-products, with which we are in a parasitic relationship while our cities remain as they are. While you can say that they are distinct and recommend (p.147) that 'the city', 'the country' and 'the wilderness' be regarded as separate, then you just don't understand what you're talking about. You have an extraordinary statement on page 84, which crystallises your confusion:

... he (Ebenezer Howard, 19th century exponent of the 'Garden City' notion) was proposing a fusion of town and country. Town was town and country was country and they were in close proximity to each other.

I suppose we can't expect a professional designer to interpret the word 'fusion' differently to 'being in close proximity' (I don't see how they could be any other way) or see that Howard was emphasising:

... small-scale settlements, a basically co-operative economy, control by the community of its own development, control by the community of the land values it creates, and the importance of a social environment in which the individual could develop her own ideas and manage her own affairs in co-operation with her neighbours.' (Reference available. Sexism deliberate.)

To return to my earlier allusion, Mr Johnson's suggestions suit a Canberra Development Board exactly, Mr Muir, Mr Cusack, Mr Tieck, Mr Service, Mr Daniels and Mr Powell* will undoubtedly give us trees which are actually in the ground not in buckets, rocks with bronze statues in them, walls of 'saturated color, and windows surrounded with wisteria.

We will undoubtedly get pavement cafes, desert gardens (that require less water and maintenance) bill-boards designed into the buildings, and underground transport stations from which 'the infiltration of verdure' can be glimpsed. These and more of Mr Johnson's suggests will be taken up with alacrity, as means to defuse discontent with cosmetic changes.

Let me make a few non-cosmetic changes/suggestions for a 'green' i.e. enjoyable Canberra, or any other city.

- 1) Public ownership of all media, and administration through an independent, statutory authority;
- 2) Boards of all decision-making bodies be elected;
- 3) The NCDC be a facilitating body

for community councils roughly analogous to present suburbs, which plan, budget for and control their own municipal services;

4) Land to have no intrinsic market value;

5) 'Real Estate' and 'land development' activities to be conducted on the basis of need by the community councils;

6) The 'Legislative Assembly' to have co-ordinating power for the region, but no power to alter priorities set by community councils.

7) Permaculture to be the basis of land-use plans.

As a conclusion, I notice that in England the Town and Country Planning Association, which originated in the Garden City movement has been challenged by the Milton Keynes Development Corporation with a chance to develop an experimental Garden City on two grid squares of the city (i.e. Milton Keynes, a new city developed during the 1970's on the same false assumptions as promoted Canberra's recent expansion, viz. cheap food and energy, population growth, increasing affluence, low unemployment and universal car ownership). The two grid squares size implies a population of roughly 10,000 people. Such a new community

'might consist of twenty dwellings in each of the following five categories: owner-occupation, self-build, small-holding, owner-designed starter houses, plus ten craft-workshops.'

Such a 'city' will not treat rocks, grass, trees, etc. as mere decoration, nor will it regard itself as merely being 'in close proximity' to 'the country'.

Bob James.



ACTON PRESS SALE
OPEN DAYS AT KINGSLEY STREET HALL
FOR THE CAMPUS COMMUNITY
BOOKS AT SPECIAL PRICES
VERY MANY BARGAINS
THURSDAY 18th and FRIDAY 19th of OCTOBER.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND POLITICAL STABILITY

Unemployment has today become an integral facet of Australian society. The realization that the development of an army of largely young unemployed has not radically threatened the stability of Australian capitalism has eluded many people. This inability to comprehend contemporary developments in our own country is particularly acute among those factions of the Australian communist movement who insist on modelling Australia's revolutionary future on the revolutions which occurred in Russia and China.

The revolutionary experiences of other countries throughout history may indeed provide the inspiration and knowledge to spur a revolutionary movement in this country. But to base one's interpretation of contemporary social and political events entirely upon a framework which evolved from the history of other countries denies the essential uniqueness of each historical period and place and reduces the revolutionary paradigm of Marxist thought to mere rhetorical and counter-revolutionary dogma. No communist group will ever be able to "build a revolutionary party" unless it can clearly and simply interpret the truth of our immediate material existence to the majority of the population.

Unemployment is one issue that the rhetoric of the "revolutionary party builders" has mystified by the inability to view Australian events through critical eyes. Indeed, the historical predictions arising from Marx's work: the inevitable overproduction of capitalist industry, today arising from automation which has helped create unemployment and thereby dampening consumption; may lead to the conclusion that the stability of Australian capitalism is threatened by the army of unemployed. The reverse is true, however. It is the production of a mass of unemployed without a consciousness which is ensuring the continued stability of Australian capitalism.

Australia, like many western countries, has faced a crisis during the 1970's. The growth of consumption, which is essential to capitalism, has not proceeded at a pace sufficient to reap a "reasonable" profit for the capitalist. Profits arise through paying workers less than they produce. Thus profits are increased by lowering wages. But profits can only be realized through the sale of

the commodity produced. Thus, a high level of demand for commodities is essential for profitable capitalism. High consumption of commodities is dependent on high wages. HEREIN LIES A MAJOR CONTRADICTION. Big profits can be made by reducing wages, but only if the commodity can be sold and this dictates high wages.

The solution to this contradiction in Australia has been automation; and the production of an army of unemployed which diminishes the bargaining power of organized labour and lowers wages. Simultaneously, a suburban middle class with high wages is reproduced and expanded to consume the commodities of capitalist production. A swing to the right of the middle classes in an effort to maintain their favourable position ensures that a "democratically" elected government oversees the whole process.

The unemployed, who pay the cost of the whole system are, through the spread of official propaganda, lead to believe that they themselves are the problem. Poverty ensures that they become isolated and impotent against the forces of capitalism and they become almost totally unaware that their poverty is the complement of the wealth of the middle and upper classes. Hence unemployment is never seriously confronted by the government, at least until another strategy to maintain capitalism can be found. The unemployed, purely by their existence, do not then act as a threat to stability but rather as a guarantee.

The task of the "revolutionary party builders" is then to mobilise the unemployed and indeed this is what they have intended to do. Most unemployed however, just do not respond to the dogma that these groups adhere to and the intolerance that they preach. The only way is to communicate the events in Australian capitalism in plain words. Talk of Stalinists, Maoists and Marco-lenno-anarco-syndaclists can only turn the unemployed off and indeed one of the greatest problems seems to be the lack of credibility that the "revolutionary parties" have attained on the Australian scene.

Erich Janssen.

Guru Maharaj Ji

"I declare I will establish peace in this world."



Free public programs on the Knowledge revealed by Guru Maharaj Ji.

Hayden Allen Tank.
Tuesday 23rd October.

TAKE NOTE!!
There will be a
GENERAL MEETING
of
the
Aust. Nat. Uni.
STUDENTS
ASSOCIATION
on
WEDNESDAY
OCT. 17
at 1PM in the
UNION MEETING
ROOM. ok?

The Brown Tapes

Recorded by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics
Edited by John Halpin
Published by the Australian Marijuana Party
\$6.50.

After reading this book, you may think twice about calling the police in an emergency — corruption, corruption, corruption. This book is based on taped evidence against Ian Ramsay Brown, former Narcotics Agent who was gaoled in 1978 for 12 years. The crimes drug trafficking and "the theft of 35 pounds of Lebanese Gold hashish (valued at \$35,000) from the Narcotics Bureau." (J. Halpin. *Australasian Eed*, June, 1978). Standfast, a senior Narcotics Agent, recorded 18 conversations between himself and Brown and this formed the evidence against Brown.

Brown apparently had a lot of tricks up his sleeve but he became too greedy and this caused his downfall. One of his tricks was to clear his partners himself. Other quirks of a more general nature apparently go on quite frequently in the forces which are supposed to protect us from crime etc. etc. These include importing drugs, busting the outlets and then reselling the drugs. Another little trick is to let offenders off their crimes if they are prepared to become informers.

If you've got \$6.50 this book is a worthwhile buy. It is good entertainment wise, and it may also open your eyes a little wider if they're not opened as far as they will go already. Congratulations John Halpin.

Beth.



